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No. V.

ART. I.—*Histoire de France, pendant le dix-huitieme Siecle.*

An History of France during the eighteenth Century. By M. Lacretelle, the younger. Paris, 1808, 3 vols. 8vo. London, Dulau, Soho Square, 1l. 10s.

THE first book of this history contains a succinct account of the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. from the year 1709, to the death of that monarch in September, 1715.—The last years of Louis XIV. were clouded by public calamity and domestic woe. The victories of Marlborough and Eugene had reduced his power, and humbled his pride. But his personal sufferings from the dreadful ravages which death had made in his family, are such as may well excite our sympathy, and teach us not to envy the fate of greatness, which in the hour of affliction is usually left devoid of that undissembled love—and that genuine friendship which are more often experienced in a private sphere. On the 14th of April, 1711, Louis was deprived by death of his son, the dauphin, at the age of 49. The hopes of the monarch and of the people were now fixed on the duke of Burgundy, who succeeded to the title of dauphin. But these happy expectations were frustated by the untimely end of this prince, who had been the pupil of Fenelon, on the 18th of February in the following year. His amiable wife, Marie-Adelaide, of Savoy, had died six days before. Their son, and the great-grandson of Louis XIV. had hardly received the title of dauphin, when he also was seized with the measles, and expired. To add to this scene of horror and calamity, the duke of

APP. Vol. 19.

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Orleans, the nephew of Louis XIV. was very generally accused of having administered poison to such near relatives. Though Louis XIV. did not give entire credit to these rumours, yet they probably contributed to embitter his last days with suspicions, which were artfully infused by the enemies of the duke, and which the monarch had not sufficient strength of mind left to dissipate. The court of Louis XIV. during the last ten years of his reign, was besieged by hypocritical devotees, who flattered the king, then enfeebled by a long course of sensual indulgence, and degenerated into a slave to the most abject superstition, with the hope of accumulating a large stock of merit, by combining the practice of intolerance with the ceremonials of artificial piety.

Buonaparte has told us that the people are always ready to embrace the first opportunity of avenging on their superiors the painful duty of submission to their will. But the French, who, as the author says, are inclined to vindicate their sufferings by epigram and song, abstained, at this period, from every wanton or malicious act which might injure the feelings of the aged king. This respectful silence, however, does not seem to have been preserved at least longer than his life, or to have accompanied his remains to the tomb. For, as the royal corpse was carried in procession to St. Denis, the people, who followed the funeral, and thronged the public-houses on the road, drank, sung, and abandoned themselves to the most extravagant expressions of joy. Ballads were composed and recited, in which the names of the great Louis, and of his wife or mistress, Madame de Maintenon, were treated with as little ceremony as they themselves had ever shown to the vilest of the *canaille*. As the solemn procession approached, the most dissonant shouts and the grossest ribaldry were heard. Such was the respect which the servile French at last showed to a monarch who had experienced a long reign of seventy-two years, and who, during at least half a century, had received the homage of a Pagan deity. But extremes often meet. The most abject servility is soon converted into the most overbearing insolence, and the habit of obsequious complaisance, when it is not, as it can hardly be, associated with unfeigned affection, serves only to generate the most insensate disrespect.

The devout courtiers, or rather the swarm of hypocrites who crowded the palace of Louis XIV. no sooner perceived that his end was approaching, and that he had not much longer to reign, than they had recourse to the basest means to recover the favour of the duke of Orleans, whom they had recently calumniated as an assassin, and endeavoured to bring to the

scaffold. The eyes of the dying king were closed by the hands of menials, while these *loyal devotees*, deserted him in his last extremity of suffering. Let every monarch beware how he relies on the services of hypocritical religionists.

The will of Louis XIV. was set aside by the parliament who had registered all his decrees, when living, with unhesitating obedience. They conferred the regency on the duke of Orleans; they left him unfettered in the choice of his council, and in the distribution of the public patronage.

The French people, after the several years of suffering and of constraint, which they had experienced in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. looked forward to halcyon days of relaxation and of gaiety, under the government of the duke of Orleans. In the commencement of his regency, the duke paid a visit to Madame de Maintenon, in her retirement at Saint Cyr, and he continued to treat her with respectful regard, notwithstanding the raillery of his courtiers. The last prodigy, says the author, in the destiny of this extraordinary woman, the widow of Scarron and of Louis XIV. was to be courted when her power was at an end.

The regent opened the prisons in which the unfortunate Jansenists had been so long immured by the intrigue of the Jesuits, and particularly by the influence of father Le Tellier, over the weak mind of Louis; who thought to expiate the sins of his youth by the polemical intolerance of his age. The Cardinal de Noailles was entrusted with the direction of ecclesiastical affairs, and he was assisted by d'Arguesseau and Joly de Fleury, who discovered not that narrow mind which is commonly found in the advocates of a sect, particularly when they have been the objects of persecution.

Louis XIV. had left the finances in a state of great confusion and embarrassment. The evil was remedied by the common resource of weak ministers, and weak governments at all times and in all countries;—*temporary expedients*. The great mass of politicians cannot carry their views beyond the narrow circle of ephemeral contrivances.

The court of the regent exhibited a very different aspect from that of the late king. Hypocrisy had fled, but it was not replaced by decency. Libertinism, which before had worn a veil, now showed its open and unblushing front. Those courtiers who were inured with a more frigid temperament, took pains to acquire an air of irregularity. The stately and reserved tone of Louis XIV. was forsaken for a blasphemous obscenity. Intemperance directed the gaiety of the feast. No excess caused a blush; piety, virtue, and modesty became a jest. The duke de Noailles, the relation and

the friend of Madame de Maintenon, who, sometimes, accompanied the duke of Orleans to the opera, thought it right to affect to reel when the regent was drunk. It was the same deference to the profligacy of the court, which caused him to keep one of the women who danced at the opera. He taught the courtiers how to make a show of libertinism, as they had before put on the appearance of devotion.

The '*soupés*' of the regent served as a seminary of corruption. In the evening he shut himself up with persons of both sexes, who ministered to his pleasures; and while he threw off the dignity of the prince, he did not retain even that of a man. But the women, who anticipated the exertion of so much influence in a reign consecrated to pleasure, were grievously disappointed. The regent seems to have regarded them only as far as they were subservient to his pleasures, which were of the grossest kind; but he did not suffer them to interrupt the uniformity of his sensual excess by their political intrigues. Their influence accordingly was not felt in any important acts of the administration.

We pass over some of the events which occurred in the regency of the duke of Orleans, as the conspiracy of the prince de Cellamare, the Spanish ambassador, which was promoted by the famous Alberoni, the prime minister of Philip V.; the ruinous speculations of Law, a refugee Scotchman, who became controller-general of the finances, and the plague, which ravaged Marseilles in 1720.

The constitution of the duke of Orleans became gradually undermined by the effect of his habitual debaucheries. After the failure of the financial schemes of Law, the voluptuous indulgences of the regent, which had never been mingled with any of the refinements of a more delicate luxury, became still more gross. He seemed anxious to expel the sentiment of his increasing unpopularity by a bestial excess. His nocturnal orgies dulled his faculties during a large part of the morning. He lost his aptitude for business; ennui occupied the intervals of his pleasures. In proportion as he became dissatisfied with himself, he manifested his petulance and ill-humour to others. His existence became a sort of vacuum, which he found that nothing but sensual excess could agreeably occupy. Hence he had recourse to higher stimuli than those to which he had been accustomed, till his sensibility was destroyed; and exhausted nature could endure no more.

But habit still rendered necessary the excesses in which he had ceased to experience any gratification. His friends observed with regret the symptoms of decay, which were visible in his countenance. His cheeks were inflamed, and

his eyes red with blood. He passed from a state of stupor to one of irritation. His physician, Chirac, in vain remonstrated against his excesses as precipitating his dissolution. "A sudden death," says he, "is what I have always desired." The importunities of his friends had prevailed on him to submit to a regimen, which was declared necessary previous to his being bled. But this short interruption of his accustomed orgies required an exertion which he had not strength to make. On the day in which he was to submit to the momentary privation, he determined to elude the orders of the physician, and thinking that a gratification, which was prohibited, would be doubly pleasant, he passed into his apartment, where a new mistress, the duchess de Phalaris was awaiting his arrival. But he had hardly entered the room before one of the blood-vessels of the brain burst, and he fell down lifeless on the floor.

'The duke of Orleans,' says the author, 'often rose above the vulgar level of princes, but he was often confounded with the most abject among them. None of the descendants of Henry IV. bore a nearer resemblance to him in military ardour, in intellectual capacity, in the winning familiarity of his address, in the quick sallies of repartee, or in that assemblage of qualities which captivates the affections and subdues the will. Henry had the imprudence to become too often and too long the votary of love. Philip (d'Orleans) despised all restraint, all shame, all delicacy in his infamous amours. This difference in their character caused such a difference in their conduct, that any parallel would be a profanation. Besides these propensities which made him dissolute in his manners, Philip had one which is more injurious to goodness, but which did not efface his; this was a general distrust in, a deliberate contempt for, mankind. He consented to be deceived by them, but he wished at the same time to deceive them in his turn by certain refinements. As he had often practised hypocrisy with success, he had continual recourse to the practice; he broke his word and sported with his promises. Hate could not find a place in his heart, but his friendship was only the fervour of the moment; it wanted consistency, because it had rarely been cemented by esteem. The gross and licentious habits of his life often threw a cloud over his more brilliant qualities; but they resumed their lustre to the surprize of the beholder, when some great occasion called for their exercise. It is said that he was thoroughly acquainted with every branch of the military art. While regent, he avoided war; this was a service rendered to France and to mankind, which would efface almost every stain which has been cast upon his memory, if he had exhibited more precaution in his public councils, and had not inconsiderately promoted the maritime ascendancy of Great Britain. His impiety, his atheism, were not moulded into a system; he em-

ployed them as an excuse for his vices, as a seasoning to his debauchery. He was inclined to toleration, without establishing it by the laws, but he propagated infidelity by his example.— Even in the year in which he died he went to church with great pomp and ostentatious effrontery to receive the sacrament at Easter. In the evening of the same day, he abandoned himself with more extravagance than ever to his accustomed pleasures. St. Simon in vain supplicated him on his knees not to offer this outrage to public opinion. Was the irregularity of his manners carried to the commission of incest? No accusation was more often repeated than this, and none is less susceptible either of proof or of apology. But the account is highly improbable. The regent is said to have perpetrated this crime successively with three of his daughters; the duchess de Berry, the abbess of Chelles, and Mademoiselle de Valois, afterwards duchess of Modena. It is difficult to conceive that, if his bosom had been the prey of these horrid lusts, how he could have beheld with indifference the unbounded passion of the duchess de Berry for the count de Rioms, and the indiscreet tenderness of Mademoiselle de Valois for the duke de Richlieu. The incestuous passion of a father for his daughters could not be exempt from the convulsions of jealousy, of frenzy, and remorse. The duke of Orleans pressed Mademoiselle de Valois to marry a foreigner, and he saw her quit the kingdom with little concern. Neither she, nor her sister, the abbess of Chelles, discovered that deep-seated depravity, which alone can set at defiance the laws of nature and society. The abbess of Chelles was much more distinguished by her caprice and eccentricity than by her vices. On the other side we must consider that the duke of Orleans never appeared much hurt by the accusation. He heard it often without indignation. When Louis XIV. said of him, “my nephew is a bragadochio in crimes,” he perhaps alluded to the faint defence which he made against the charge of incest. The duke of Orleans was, on the contrary, chilled with horror when he read the libels in which he was accused of poisoning his cousins. This prince perused without emotion the first stanza in the infamous invectives of Grange-Chancel. “With a singular ostentation of impartiality and indifference, he very inappositely praised the merit of the poetry; but when he found that in these flagitious rhymes he was charged with the murder of the dauphin and the dauphiness, his emotions were the same as if he had heard the calumny for the first time. His dejection vented itself in tears, and in bitter exclamations against the perversity of mankind. Though he might have taken a signal vengeance on the libeller, and though public opinion seemed to call for the measure, and the tribunals would have sanctioned it, yet he limited the punishment of Grange-Chancel to a seclusion in the isle of St. Marguerite. This person contrived to make his escape, and a short time after discharged the venom of his malice on the ashes of the prince, whose clemency had saved him from an ignomi-

nious end. This proneness to mercy, the divine attribute of all great and all good kings, forms the best safe-guard to the memory of the duke of Orleans. In proportion as he was calumniated without moderation, we are inclined to pass the line of justice in his exculpation. He had a peculiar gift, which diffused a charm over his administration, and which preserved its tranquillity; it was that of accurately appreciating the character of the French.'

The duke de Bourbon assumed the reins of the administration after the death of the duke of Orleans. He is said to have possessed some showy qualities, but his character was tarnished by avarice. He could practise a refined politeness, but there was something harsh and austere, which was seen through the veil. In any connected conversation he affected lenity, or made a demonstration of pride, in order to draw off the attention from the sterility of his mind. After the death of his first wife, he was ruled by the marchioness de Prie with a despotic sway. Avarice is said to have been her ruling passion; and the court of London thought her worthy to succeed to the pension which had been paid to the profligate cardinal Dubois.

One of the first acts of the new government was an edict against the protestants, which exceeded in cruelty even the edict of Nantz. They were forbidden to exercise the reformed worship even in secret.

'The children of protestants were forcibly torn from their parents, in order to be educated in the principles of the catholic religion. The sentence of death was pronounced against the rebellious priests, and they confiscated the property of those who relapsed. They blasted the memory of those who died without receiving the sacrament. They renewed, in short, every species of oppression which the ministers of Louis XIV. had conceived, but which, owing to the horror which they excited, had fallen into disuse.'

The barbarous folly of the duke de Bourbon was contrasted with the greater tolerance which had been enjoyed under the regency of the duke of Orleans. The duke of Orleans had often signified an intention of modifying the law of Louis XIV. against the protestants; but his intentions were, in a great measure, frustrated by the protestants themselves, who soon after the death of the king, had taken up arms in the province of Guienne and Languedoc, and refused to pay tithes. The regent employed the greatest moderation in composing these disturbances; though, says the author, 'it is impossible to make any concessions to rebels beyond that of

pardon.' But, during the administration of the duke, the protestants at least experienced none of the rigours of persecution. The republic of Holland, to its honour, interceded with so much vigour for the religionists who were exposed to the operations of the new edict, that the duke de Bourbon was obliged to mitigate the severity.

Louis XV. had been originally destined to marry the infanta of Spain, who had been actually sent to France, and then dismissed with very little ceremony by the duke de Bourbon. The sister of the duke himself, Mademoiselle de Vermandois, seemed afterwards selected for the bride of the young monarch. But this match was defeated by the intrigues of marchioness de Prie, the mistress of the duke de Bourbon, who, in an interview with Mademoiselle de Vermandois, under a feigned name, found her not likely to be sufficiently *grateful* to her for her elevation, or rather sufficiently obsequious to her will. Mademoiselle de Vermandois had been brought up in a convent from a very early period; and her mind had been preserved uncontaminated by the vices of the court. When, therefore, in the interview abovementioned, the name of the marchioness de Prie was introduced, Mademoiselle de Vermandois spoke of the mistress of her brother with that horror which profligacy inspires in an innocent mind. The disguised marchioness could hardly repress her resentment. She took her leave without ceremony, and said, as she went away—*You shall never be queen.*

In 1725, Louis XV. at last married Maria Leczinska, the daughter of Stanislas, the dethroned king of Poland. Stanislas had been placed on the throne of Poland by the sword of Charles XII. and had been thrust off it by that of Peter the Great. When Charles XII. had taken refuge in Turkey, after the fatal battle of Pultowa, Stanislas conceived the generous project of visiting his benefactor in his adversity, of soothing his sufferings, and moderating the characteristic violence of his disposition. He arrived in disguise on the frontiers of Turkey, where he was recognized and made prisoner. When Charles was restored to his dominions, he allowed a handsome pension to the Polish monarch, which he enjoyed in the duchy of Deux-Ponts. After the death of Charles, a plot was laid for carrying off Stanislas. This happily miscarried, and the regent permitted the unfortunate monarch to reside in Alsace. He was living in a dilapidated castle, near Weissembourg, when he received a letter from the duke de Bourbon, acquainting him with the unexpected elevation which was destined for his daughter, who had been the fond companion of his wanderings, and had both participated and

soothed his sufferings. Her circumstances had conspired to promote the growth of the active virtues. There was nothing remarkable in her features, but youth, innocence, and goodness had infused a secret charm. Her person was tall and elegant, and she possessed much good sense without any dazzling qualities. Fearful of not pleasing a husband who was surrounded by so many objects of more brilliant attraction, she seemed to inspire a durable affection, rather than a lively passion.

After the disgrace of the duke de Bourbon, and the exile of Madame de Prie, the administration was entrusted to cardinal Fleury, part of whose pacific administration, constitutes one of those periods whose eulogy is pronounced by the *silence of history*. Those men, whose folly, whose avarice or ambition is perpetually disturbing the tranquillity and destroying the happiness of nations, make most figure in the page of the historian. The cares of a paternal government, which watches over the happiness of its children, seems less to interest the memory of mankind, than those tragic catastrophes and splendid disorders which signalize the stormy period of bloodshed, of prodigality, and confusion.

France and England had, at the same period, two pacific ministers. Sir Robert Walpole, altogether one of the wisest ministers by whom this country was ever governed, seconded the endeavours of cardinal Fleury to keep the sword in the scabbard, and to preserve the two kingdoms of England and France in that state of amity, which is so conducive to their mutual advantage. Cardinal Fleury indeed did not possess that vigorous comprehension of mind which gives birth to new institutions, or which imparts increased vigour and usefulness to the old. But though none of his measures were marked by grandeur of conception or originality of thought, he may be proposed as a model of economy and disinterestedness; two qualities which statesmen of more recent times might copy with advantage.

Cardinal Fleury, who was bishop of Freius, did not succeed to the ministry till the age of seventy-three years; and he preserved the reins of government to the advanced period of ninety. He died in the beginning of the year 1743. It is not a little remarkable that this ecclesiastic, who seems to have been able to moderate his ambition till he was seventy-three, could not in the subsequent period of his life, bring himself to retire to a private station, when he had once tasted the sweets of power. As he became more feeble he became accessible to flattery. Those who conversed with him, cajoled him with accounts of persons who had completed their cen-

tury of years. The public journals grossly exaggerated the lists of those persons, in order to gratify the cardinal.

Though cardinal Fleury had presided over the administration of an opulent kingdom for more than sixteen years, he died poor. He had spent his little patrimony, and the effects which he left behind him, hardly equalled those of a private gentleman. He possessed the rare faculty of living with the dissolute and unprincipled, without appearing either to approve them on the one side or to censure them on the other. He passed much time in the society of women, and scandal was often very busy with his pretended amours. But he seems to have possessed the faculty of self-control in an eminent degree. The author says, that he wanted that energy which is necessary to constitute a statesman of superior rank. But he was economical, disinterested, and pacific. These qualities are more necessary to the happiness of a nation, to the increase of its wealth, to the prosperity of its commerce and its agriculture, and to its advancement in civilization, than that energy, which the writer mentions, and which usually leads to those acts which involve nations in war, and oppress them with taxes. The greatest blessing which a minister can confer on his country, is to keep it at peace with its neighbours. The prosperity of nations is best promoted by those governments, which, protecting the lives and properties of their subjects, and subjecting both the rich and the poor to the authority of equal laws, leave the industry of individuals to work its own effects, without any political interference, which usually produces greater evils than it cures. **LET THE PEOPLE ALONE**; do not interfere with their industry and occupations, do not force their commerce nor their agriculture by premiums, nor obstruct them by prohibitions; let them see and pursue their own interest in their own way,—is the best advice which can be given to the rulers of states.

After the death of cardinal Fleury, Louis XV. gave out that he was going to be his own prime minister; which, in this case, meant in other words, that he was going to receive the law from one of his favourite mistresses, and proclaim her caprice to the nation as his will. The duchess of Châteauroux appears to have succeeded to the power of the cardinal.

In 1744, the Austrians had entered Alsace in great force. Louis XV. placed himself at the head of an army which was marching to the defence of that province. The king was followed by Madame Châteauroux, and both the sovereign and his mistress arrived at Metz on the 4th of August. The king, heated by his journey, and still more inflamed by the

effect of that intemperance in which he had long indulged, was seized with a violent fever. His mistress lavished on him those attentions which were but ill calculated to tranquillize his agitated frame. The physicians declared the malady to be a malignant fever, and the most serious fears were entertained for his recovery. At this moment the religious scruples of the monarch were awakened. The excesses of his past life recurred forcibly to his recollection, he expressed his contrition, ordered Madame de Châteauroux, whom he had had the cruelty to place among the maids of honour to the queen to be dismissed, and became reconciled to the woman whom he had so deeply injured. This reconciliation gave great joy to the people. The whole nation seemed plunged in deep distress by the illness of the king, which was elevated to a pitch of the most lively transport by the news of his recovery. The intelligence that the voluptuous sovereign was no longer in danger, caused the most enthusiastic joy. *Te Deum* was sung in every church in the kingdom. Louis, who was surprised and softened by this proof of his people's love, might well exclaim, "*What have I done to merit all this?*" Of what he had done, they had sufficient proof in his past life, and they had no more agreeable demonstration in his future. But, little as he had done to merit either affection or esteem, the loyal French invented for him the surname of *bien-aimé*, the well-beloved; of which he was as worthy as many other princes are of similar appellations.

Not long after his recovery from this dangerous sickness, in which he had manifested such a fit of religion and of penitence, Louis, the well-beloved, resigned himself to the arbitrary sway of another courtesan, Madame d'Étiolles, afterwards the marchioness de Pompadour, who, for twenty years seemed to command the destiny of France.

On the 11th of May, 1745, Louis, and his son the dauphin, were present at the battle of Fontenoy, when the English, who were but ill seconded by their German allies and mercenaries, sustained such a signal and bloody defeat. The king was stationed on an eminence, where it was thought he might behold the conflict in security. The point on which the monarch was stationed, was in one period of the battle in danger of being turned by the English, till the close column in which they penetrated the French lines, was broken by the discharge of four pieces of cannon, which were attached to the king to protect his retreat. The English lost nine thousand men on the field of battle. The loss of the French amounted to four thousand in killed and wounded. Louis had but little share in this signal triumph of his troops. But instead of aban-

doning himself to any excess of joy on the occasion, he acted more like a sage than in most other transactions of his reign. He conducted the young dauphin during the night to the field of battle, and showed him the sad scene of suffering and bloodshed which it opened to the view. 'Think and reflect,' said he, 'on this terrible spectacle; let it teach you not to sport with the lives of your subjects, or to cause their blood to be spilt in unjust wars.' Louis himself, alas, showed no willingness to practice this advice; and we fear that it will yet be long, very long before the precepts of philosophy, or right notions of religion will cure the military mania of sovereigns.

(To be continued.)

ART. II.—*Histoire des Inquisitions Religieuses, &c.*

History of the Religious Inquisitions of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, from their Origin to the Conquest of Spain; by Joseph Lavallée, Chief of the fifth Division of the Grand Chancery of the Legion of Honour, perpetual Secretary of the Philotechnic Society at Paris, of the Royal Society of Sciences at Gottingen, of the Celtic Academy, and the Academies of Legislation, of Dijon, Nancy, &c. 2 Toms, 8vo. Paris, 1809.

WE love to give a man all his full titles, and therefore have translated, as well as the new nomenclature of the Almanack Imperial will permit, all the blushing honours of Joseph Lavallée, which he has thought fit to communicate to us, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, though it were as long as the superscription of a letter to his majesty the king of Siam, had he not modestly set bounds himself to the extent of our veneration by an et cetera. 'Fifth division of the grand chancery of the legion of honour!' What a sublime conception! When our high court of chancery in England contains but a single *bar*, and consequently no *division* at all; but it is thus they manage things in France.

But we forget how unbecoming it is to jest in the presence of a secretary of the Philotechnic Society.

L'Inquisition n'est plus. The inquisition is no more; its abolition is a benefit which humanity owes to the greatest of heroes, and which was reserved for him alone to bestow.

We might have been led to suspect that M. Lavallée meant to flatter, did we not recollect that he is chief of the

fifth division of the grand chancery of the legion of honour, and perpetual secretary of the Philotechnic Society.

He has however discovered that

‘there are two epochs only on which it becomes useful to write on the subject of anti-social institutions: the first is, while they are still subsisting, for the purpose of enlightening men as to the dangers to which they subject them; the second is, at the instant of their overthrow, for the purpose of guarding people against the efforts which may be made for their re-establishment.’

Luckily for M. Lavallée and his readers, luckily also for his hero who might otherwise have escaped deification for this transcendant act of greatness, he (the historian) who was placed exactly in the door-way between inquisition and abolition, and had actually written his first volume against the *continuance* of auto-da-fé’s (which have not been heard of for the last century) when he was informed that he might now change his style and write a second against the revival of them.

The contents and arrangement of this work will be best understood by M. Lavallée’s own general division.

‘I have adopted,’ he says, ‘that division which appeared to me the most simple and consequently the most natural; that is to say, the inquisition considered in its general point of view as a political and religious institution, and the inquisition taken in its relation to individuals and things, and judged by facts and results. Consequently I have dedicated the first volume to an exposition of those gentle measures which were adopted by the primitive church, an inquiry into the causes of their alteration, to explaining the origin of religious intolerance, and tracing the thread of consequences, which by their concurrence accelerated the development of this system. Then I have exposed the events from which the popes conceived the first idea of the inquisition, the pretexis which they employed towards its establishment, the means which they made use of for the same end, and the first advantages which their policy and their ambition derived from it. I have followed the progress of those wars which marked its birth by their miseries, which presided at its encroachments, and established its authority; I have described the insurmountable barriers which many nations of Europe opposed to its entrance; its introduction, power, triumphs, and reverses in France; its establishment in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Venice; its fatal influence over some great political events, the determinations of kings, the revolutions of empires, the opinions of the people, the conduct of those who either expelled or would not admit it. Finally, I have concluded the volume by an exposé of its general

principles, of its composition, its legislation, its internal regimen, its secret tortures, its public ceremonies.'

'I have devoted the second volume to establishing the constancy of its advances, the uniformity of its principles, the consistency of its spirit, in Asia and America, as well as in Europe; not only on reasonings but on facts, on the history of a crowd of wretches dragged before its tribunals. These anecdotes, drawn from authentic narratives, and from the best writers who have treated of the holy office, will prove to the reader that interest was its motive much more than religion; that it offered a resource, always open to national rivalries, private resentments, personal vengeance; that it opposed the greatest obstacle to the progress of religion; that it stifled in men the sentiments of nature, of honour, and of probity; making a duty of the trade of informers, welcoming calumny, erecting into a virtue that which every where else is regarded as a crime; that its hypocritical principles, its constitutional ignorance, its perpetual absurdity, its invincible prejudices, were the ruin of commerce, arts, and industry among all nations where it had obtained a footing; that it altered the character of the people, enchained their government, and led on their downfall, especially in Spain and Portugal.'

He then goes on to state his authorities, which he says he has selected with impartiality becoming an historian, who attends equally to the arguments of grand inquisitors and counsellors of the inquisition, in defence of their institution, and to those of learned and liberal writers of all ages who have 'most courageously raised their voices against it.' At the head of the latter stands the venerable name of father Paul, one of the earliest and noblest ornaments of the Roman church, who dared, in the 15th century, to publish his work, entitled 'Discourses on the Origin, the Form, the Laws and Usages of the Inquisition,' in the states of Venice, his native country. Marsollier's '*Histoire de l'Inquisition*,' the work of Philip à Limborch on the same subject, Madam Daunoy's *Memoirs of the Spanish Court*, the *Great History of Languedoc* by Vaissette, Fleury's *Ecclesiastical History*, and the *General History of Thuanus*, are the remaining authorities which he has mentioned by name.

Heresy had her birth in the cradle of the christian religion. Persecution owed her rise only to the full establishment of it. It was not till after Constantine had removed the seat of empire that christianity, then become the religion of state, had her own tribunals and her own magistrates, and then men fell instantaneously into the error of making matters of conscience cognizable by the civil power. At the same time arose the yet greater error of a double jurisdiction over religious

offences, the ecclesiastical which pronounced the guilt; and the civil which decreed the punishment.

The primary cause of heresy is to be found in the nature of man. The principal secondary cause was, as this author thinks, the separation, and the consequent rivalry of the eastern and western empires.

In process of time, the bishops of Rome gradually advancing to the plenitude of their power, assumed the anti-christian privilege of supremacy in all matters of religion, independent of the authority of councils. This assumption was never submitted to in the eastern world, and even in the west, some nations, France especially, have constantly held out against its entire admission as a point of doctrine. But to support so extraordinary a claim, extraordinary measures became necessary and in this necessity is to be found the origin of the inquisition.

One of the earliest and strongest prettexts for catholic intolerance, was the alarming progress of the Saracens after the birth of Mahomet. M. Lavallée seems to be persuaded that nothing could have prevented the success of Abderhaman's invasion of France in the 8th century short of the great and complete victory obtained by Charles Martel, and that nothing could even afterwards have checked the ultimate ascendancy of the Mahometan religion but the measures of intolerance resorted to by the papal authority. The battle of Pottiers he accordingly characterises as 'the greatest service which the unhappy necessity of war has rendered to ages; (not to *all* ages, for that expression would have excluded the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, the advantages of which M. L. must suppose to be incalculably greater to society); and respecting the ecclesiastical arms adopted by the popes to resist the alarming contagion, he says,

'this is the only point of history at which intolerance can call in reason to its defence, and impartiality will not permit us to dissemble.'

What this last sentence means we do not very well understand; but having allowed that in this instance alone religious persecution, 'though always in opposition to evangelical charity, was for once accordant with true philosophy,' he goes on to assure the reader that he will find it fully proved in the sequel,

'that this intolerance, the cruel mother of the inquisition, was in all other stages contrary to the policy of governments, unjust, barbarous in all its undertakings, bloody in all its triumphs, the declared enemy of humanity and of the prosperity of empires, destructive of the faith which it pretended to defend, and the

cause, gradual without doubt but yet sure, of the total overthrow of the power of the Tiara.'

Now we can not willingly admit that even in a single instance the spirit of intolerance has been consistent with the spirit of philosophy, or that the acts of intolerance can be reconciled to the principles of philosophy; because, if admitted in a single instance, we shall not feel ourselves satisfied by the assurance of M. Lavallée that it is not to be equally well defended in other instances also. The truth is, if M. Lavallée had put his proposition in this way, that God permitted the intolerant spirit of the papal throne to be instrumental to good in the deliverance of mankind from the yoke of mahometanism; and if he had added that, looking back on the events of that period with a philosophic eye, it seems difficult to imagine, considering the seductive nature of the Mahometan faith, and the barbarous ignorance of the age in which it was first propagated, how else the world could have been saved from subjugation to its yoke, though we might even then have doubted, we yet should not so much have quarrelled with his assertion, because we know that God, in his infinite wisdom, often uses the worst of instruments for the accomplishment of the best of purposes; and M. Lavallée's *hero* is, we firmly believe, one of the most tremendous examples which he has ever given to the world of this mysterious and inscrutable design of his providence. But to say that man is therefore to be defended, either on the ground of religion or of philosophy, in acting on a principle which he supposes to be similar to this divine dispensation is, though a very convenient, a very dangerous relaxation of morality.

At the commencement of the 13th century, the popes wanted nothing towards attaining the full measure of their usurpation but 'the depriving bishops and councils of their right to pronounce, in the last resort at least, on religious opinions,' and this they effected by the establishment of the inquisition, and the consequent investment in two orders of monks, of the power of life and death over them. Saint Dominic was the first inquisitor-general, under popes Innocent III. and Honorius III. The Albigeois were then the principal objects of religious fury, and this holy father distinguished himself equally in a religious and military capacity by the extermination of this harmless, and virtuous *heresy*. As the reward of his pious toils, the monks of his order were after his death created by Pope Gregory IX, special members of the tribunal of the inquisition *in perpetuum*.

The mention of the Albigeois induces our historian to revert to some of the circumstances which preceded the esta-

blishment of the inquisition, in order to give a most animated and masterly sketch of that famous crusade, which was the greatest disgrace to the pontificate of Innocent III. and the reign of Philip Augustus.

Arnold of Brescia, the disciple of the unfortunate Abelard, had adopted many of his master's heretical opinions, (especially those which he entertained respecting the corruption of the monks and clergy); he preached them for a number of years with honest zeal, and perished at last in the flames for his assertion of them. From the ashes of this early reformer arose the sect of the Albigeois, of whose simple doctrines and manners the following is a most pleasing, and, we believe, a just account.

Not only the town of Albi (which was the cradle of these extraordinary people) but also Toulouse, Beziers, Carcassonne, Montpellier, and almost all the country between the Garonne and Rhône, was soon peopled with these new sectaries; and if power were to be calculated by numbers, that of the Albigeois would be most redoubtable; yet in respect to the public tranquillity, never were there men less dangerous; they aspired to a perfection, to a purity of manners, which gives them some resemblance to the quakers of our days, and the extreme gentleness of their principles set them at a distance from all factious and warlike proceedings. Historians are agreed in representing them as good citizens, faithful subjects, excellent fathers of families, as men true to their word, enemies of shew, attached to their business, and putting into practice the gospel principles, of which they adopted the moral. This is the portrait which the writers of the age have drawn of them, even those whose pen was most favourable to the catholic interest, and consequently to the crusade. They were divided into two classes, the perfect, and the believers. The perfect lived in sobriety and continence, forbidding themselves the use of meat, of eggs and cheese. They held falsehood, pride and bad faith, in detestation; oaths were never taken, and blasphemies never uttered by them. Paternal love, filial piety, conjugal fidelity, were practised by them with a strictness which savoured even of rigour. The believers were less severe; their conduct was more unrestrained; but they had an equal confidence in the mercy of God, and hoped that they might be saved by the intercessions of the perfect. What then had Rome to apprehend from such men as these? But Rome was then resolved that all should think like her, should pray like her: believe or die was her device; her paradise, or her scaffold, was the choice which she presented to men.

The principal sovereigns of the country where this heresy in a short time produced such a multitude of converts, were Raymond count of Toulouse, the counts of Beziers, Foix,

and Cominges. Of these, Tolouse, by far the most powerful, though strongly attached to his people, and animated by sentiments of philanthropy and good policy superior to the age in which he lived, was timid and irresolute. Beziers was young, generous, and intrepid; a patriot and a warrior; the other two were singly too weak to oppose the power of the pope; but, had all been united in one general plan of resistance, the result of the war against the Albigeois might have been very different. Unfortunately no such system of union was formed or attempted. They all, singly resisted, and were singly crushed.

In the year 1147, St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, had visited the citizens of Albi, for the purpose of suppressing the then infant heresy; but his generous and kind reception among those towards whom he was actuated by no friendly intentions, so far altered his disposition towards them that he was induced to employ the milder methods of persuasion to attempt their conversion, and such was the influence of his exalted character and of his copious eloquence, he might probably have succeeded in his endeavours but for death. The next notice that was taken of the progress of the heresy was of a different nature. The sovereigns of the infected states were commanded to expel the mischief by forcible remedies, and Raymond, refusing to abandon so large a proportion of those whom he conceived himself bound to protect, was excommunicated. This hasty and imprudent step, however, instead of operating in the mode intended by it, dangerously wounded, in fact, the vital interests of Rome, since it revealed to all the world that the censures of the church are only efficacious so far as they are respected by mankind. The subjects of Raymond, so far from deserting him who suffered for their sake, clung so much the more closely to his interest and person; and accident only enabled the pope to repair an error which might have been fatal to his authority. This accident was the death of Peter de Châteauneuf, who, jointly with St. Dominic, had been employed in preaching the meditated crusade. His death was merely casual, but the circumstances of it afforded the court of Rome the opportunity they desired, and Raymond was universally declared; and, except in his own dominions, universally believed to be the assassin of one who was consequently invested with the honours of the Roman martyrology. An army was now raised expressly for the invasion of the county of Toulouse, and Simon de Montfort was appointed its general.

'In the centuries nearer our own time, this man would have been worthy only to figure among those celebrated adventurers,

whose cupidity, avarice, and barbarism, completed the disasters of the new world. His stature was gigantic, his strength corresponding, his constitution robust, and inaccessible to fatigue and privations. He had served his apprenticeship in arms in the Holy Land, and in those blind and superstitious expeditions he imbibed the propensity to fanaticism, which pointed him out to the papal legates as fit for the command of their forces.—Born among camps, placed in an age when ignorance was the inheritance of the great, his only science was how to fight, his dearest pleasure and most immediate object, to massacre and plunder. Compassion he esteemed to be dishonour. No chivalrous virtue made amends for his ferocity, and his courage was the courage of robbers. Deaf to the voice of nature, a stranger to the right of nations, faithless to treaties, without respect for oaths, shameless in prosperity; such was this Montfort. They charged him with the interests of heaven, because he had all the vices of impiety, and sacerdotal intolerance opened the paths of glory to him who in more polished times would have been conducted only to the scaffold.

The timid submission of Raymond on the approach of this barbarous invader, would have consigned his name to eternal ignominy, had it not been for his late, but strenuous, repentance. He was sent an abject suitor for forgiveness to Rome, where the most humiliating penance was prepared for him, while Montfort took possession of his states in the name of the church, and turned the terrors of his arms against a less powerful but more worthy opponent. The courageous resistance of the count de Beziers, the sack and plunder of his capital, and the horrible massacre which ensued, his intrepid and eloquent manifesto, and his second daring opposition to the crusaders within the walls of Carcassonne, we can but briefly mention. This long and glorious resistance had insensibly weakened the force of the crusaders, and converted their ferocious courage into cowardice and despondency; it had even made the legates doubt the ultimate accomplishment of their object, when they had recourse to treachery, the last refuge of the baffled villain.

If in the ages of darkness ignorance was universal, if it served only too often for the support of tyranny, it must be acknowledged, nevertheless, that the virtues of chivalry shed over those times a lustre that cannot be effaced. What fidelity to their word, what loyalty in their conduct, what attachment to honour, what noble inspirations in their self-devotion! How great were these *chevaliers*, when natural reason supplied in them the lights which learning withheld! and so great is still the influence which their manners have over us, that if history presents us with an example of one degenerating from the generosity of character

which they maintained in common, and which sometimes excuses and compensates for the excesses into which they were led by the prejudices of rank, or birth, or power, we feel ourselves afflicted at his desertion, and the character of his baseness receives a more odious hue from the illustrious comparison of his contemporaries and peers. A man of this nature was necessary to the plan of the legates for surprising the confidence of the count of Beziers; they needed a *chevalier*, and they found him whom they wanted. This miscreant then presents himself before the gates of Carcassonne bearing the emblem of peace in his hand, and solicits an interview with the count. It is granted. "The legates at length yield," said the negotiator. "They desire, they wish, they demand peace; but it is with the hero himself that they must treat; they wait for him under their tents, and I am charged to conduct him to them. I know that distrust, under these circumstances, is natural; but let the count remember, that it is a knight who addresses him, who promises him protection, and pledges himself for the respect which he will find; who swears to defend him, if it were possible that any offence should be offered. Let him reflect that the legates are disarmed, that this happy day is the end of his people's misfortunes; and this instant will establish him for ever in his power, his honour, and his wealth; that he holds in his own hand the destinies of both the contending parties. Let him cease then to hesitate; let him reflect that a nobleman, a knight, one of his peers, entreats him." The count is for some time doubtful; at length overcome by the promises, the prayers, the apparent candour of the ambassador, he consents. He follows him, appears before the legates, is arrested, loaded with irons, and thrown into a dungeon. And there he dies.

After this fatal event, the Albigeois appeared to be already subdued, when Raymond, roused to a late sense of honour and justice, refused to execute his compulsory promise made at Rome, of expelling all the heretics out of his dominions. A second crusade is proclaimed; and Montfort, after being formally invested with the territories of Toulouse, Foix, and Cominges, sets out again to conquer them. The king of Arragon joins the confederated counts, and their forces amount to a number sufficiently great to render the balance of war again doubtful. But the fatal and sanguinary battle of Marêst decides their fate; Toulouse, Narbonne, all Languedoc, instantly submit to the conqueror, and for the next four years Montfort remains in peaceable possession of his new dominions. The revolt of Toulouse and the recall of the venerable Raymond again change the posture of affairs, and our attention is called to a siege, the most bloody, the most obstinately contested, the most marked by the exaltation of human cou-

rage, and the excess of human ferocity, that stands, perhaps, recorded in history. The execrable Montfort at length perished, like king Pyrrhus, or king Abimelech, by the hand of a woman, and a short respite indemnified the citizens of Toulouse for their incredible magnanimity and suffering. But the good earl soon afterwards died, worn out with age and toil, and his son resigned the unequal contest of another crusade without a struggle. His example was followed by the counts of Foix and Cominges, in 1228; and thus, after sustaining an exterminating war of twenty years, the wretched remnant of the Albigeois was at last driven into the mountains of Savoy and Piedmont, where the strong arm of the inquisition reached most of those whom the fury of the Crusades had spared.

The opening of the second book furnishes us with a proof of an observation which we have before felt ourselves disposed to make, that to whatever praise M. Lavallée may be entitled on other accounts, he does not always deserve to be considered as a philosophical historian. He compares the inquisition (speaking of its *original establishment*) to a jury, and then affects to reason on the extraordinary fact that similar institutions should lead to so very different results in an age of darkness and in an age of illumination. Now a jury is certainly, in the literal sense of the term an inquisition, but *therefore*, no more to be compared to the Romish inquisition than the amphitheatre over Blackfriar's bridge to the amphitheatre at Verona. Both are calculated to answer the purposes intended by their erection, and both are amphitheatres; but nobody ever thought of comparing them together, because the design of each was at least as widely different as the effect produced. However, some of our philosophical senators have fallen into the same error with M. Lavallée, concluding, that because military courts of inquiry and committees of the house of commons are constituted for the purposes of investigation, *therefore*, they are analogous to the grand jury, which is also founded for the purposes of investigation certainly, but with views and on principles entirely dissimilar.

The views of the crafty Innocent in the creation of this establishment, and in entrusting the direction of it to the two orders of monks, the Franciscan and Dominican, are well explained by our author; and the inquisition is made to approximate a little nearer to the jury by a conjecture, (the truth of which, however, we are very doubtful of) that the pope did originally intend to invest its officers with judicial powers.—Our doubt principally springs from the *original article* which made part of its fundamental laws, by which the inquisitors

were directed "to exhort all princes and magistrats to punish even with death such persons as continued obstinate in their errors." Now this exhortation must have been intended to carry more weight than a simple recommendation, and even as a recommendation only, we do not know in what light it can be considered, if not as a judicial act, as a decision following the inquiry, and to be pronounced by the very persons who were appointed to make the inquiry. Nothing is so unphilosophical as reasoning founded on an imperfect analogy.

But if the judicial powers, afterwards exercised by the inquisition, were in any degree restrained by its original constitution, the members of it very early indeed contrived to supply this defect of authority. History still records the first example, perhaps, which occurred of this extension of prerogative. Ten years only after the sack of Albi, by Simon de Montfort, two Dominicans, who exercised the office of inquisitors in that district, demanded of the magistrates that the corpse of a certain female whom they accused of heresy, should be dug out of its grave. The judges, fearing that a popular insurrection might follow so detestable an outrage, refused their consent, upon which the two soldiers of Christ, "seized a pickaxe, broke open the earth with their own hands, and dragged the body out into the open air. The multitude, at first frozen with horror, stood motionless, but soon reason and humanity regained their rights, and the revolt became general." The monks effected their escape to the cathedral, not without great danger of their lives, and from thence, in spite of the bishop's earnest entreaties, they thundered out their excommunication against all the inhabitants of Albi, a sentence so dreadfully effective, that opposition instantly ceased, and the prisons of the town were crowded with the victims of monkish insolence. At last the civil authorities interfered, and commissioners were sent to Albi, in order to determine between the people and their oppressors. The case was flagrant, and the most obnoxious Dominicans were finally expelled the town. Nevertheless, at Rome they were received without reproof, and therefore with approbation. The pope refused even to annul the excommunication which they had pronounced, and from thenceforth it is not matter of surprise if they proceeded without remorse or hesitation to the full accomplishment of their self-erected authority.

What contributed, perhaps more than the papal influence, to the progress and establishment of the inquisition, was the impolitic part taken by the emperor Frederic the Second in favour of it. Impolitic—for although he assumed it purely from political motives, yet the result not only baffled his

expectations, but contributed more powerfully to the final catastrophe of his reign than any other system that he did or could pursue. Whenever, in the long course of hostility between the imperial and papal power, the latter felt the necessity of resorting to peculiarly vigorous measures for its support, the arms most ready for its purpose were those which fanatics in all ages have employed against their worldly adversaries. The emperor was denounced to all the world as a heretic or an infidel; and, frequently to keep his authority together, it was essential that he should use his utmost exertions to contradict and discredit the harsh report of the church. Unhappily it appeared to Frederic that this purpose could not be answered more effectually than by his affecting to vie with the pope himself, in the encouragement of this new and fashionable institution; and the pressure of immediate inconvenience disabled him from perceiving, that in so doing he armed his adversary with weapons which could not fail of being afterwards exerted to his own destruction. Still, notwithstanding so powerful a concurrent support, the inquisition had to struggle with formidable opponents to its final establishment, even in the countries most subject to the papal influence. The episcopal power, as well as the civil authorities, for a long while opposed formidable bars to its further progress, and the history of the means employed to overcome this resistance, with a perseverance rarely paralleled in the history of mankind, by several successive pontiffs, though impossible to be detailed here, are well worthy the attention of the philosophical reader. When at last, but not for a century after its first introduction into the world, the inquisition made good its progress from the states of Romagna and the march of Ancona into the dominions of Lombardy, Tuscany, and Genoa, the fatal consequences of Frederic's impolitic edicts began to be severely felt, and the first imperial lords of Italy were, one by one, brought under the ignoble yoke of its monkish tribunal. Matthew Visconti, (the powerful lord of Milan) the marquisses of Este, the Malatesti of Rimini, the Ordelaffi of Forlì, and the Manfredi of Faenza, were successively humbled, and so rapid was the increase of this fast-spreading pestilence, that it might have been natural, towards the close of the fourteenth century, to predict from its success the final subjugation of the whole world to the papal dominion. The deliverance of mankind from this most abject of slavery, M. Lavallée attributes, and attributes very justly, to the revival of letters alone.

‘What power,’ he says, ‘averted from the human race this debasement so apparently unavoidable? One of those events

which understanding is not gifted to foresee, nor wisdom to prepare, and the singularity of which affects us forcibly only, when long experience has given us opportunity to consider it in all its consequences. Is there in history an epoch more worthy the philosopher's attention than that at which the establishment of the inquisition is seen to coincide, as it were, with the new-birth of letters and arts in Europe, and Providence itself seems to act in imitation of nature, which sometimes plants the antidote by the side of the poison? Providence—for it was assuredly neither the presentiment of danger, nor the fear of futurity, which produced the invention of printing almost at the cradle of the inquisition.

Several judicious reflections of the same nature follow, and take up the remainder of this division of the work, but we have not much room for quotation.

In the third book, the author proposes to take a survey of the influence of the inquisition on the affairs of France, in which country though it never succeeded in obtaining any thing like a perfect establishment, yet various attempts were from time to time made for its introduction. The same attempts had also been made in different parts of Germany, but uniformly attended with failure, and not unfrequently with contempt and derision. Its partial institutions in Provence and Languedoc, which we have already noticed, were very much affected soon after their erection, by means of the reunion of the great fiefs in those countries to the crown of France, and never received the encouragement, or even the protection of the government to any considerable extent.—Some remains of them in Toulouse, and one or two other towns might be traced, says M. Lavallée, even down to the revolution; but we are not satisfied that the famous persecution of M. Calas and his family, and one or two more instances that he refers to, are genuine proofs in support of this assertion. We have not, however, sufficient information on the subject, to dispute it with due formality, on the present occasion.

The fourth book transports us into Spain, the theatre, as we all know, on which the inquisition has ever since its establishment delighted to display its tremendous power and act its most fearful scenes of cruelty and persecution; the theatre also of Buonaparte's latest victories, and with them of the ostentatious extinction of that establishment, which, however of late years fallen into decay, did for many ages rule over the minds and tempers of the people with such absolute sway as, doubtless, to influence in a great degree the national habits and character. This, we imagine, may safely, and

indeed must be, admitted as a fact; and so far we may in part agree with M. Lavallée, when he says,

‘To judge of the Spaniards of the fifteenth century by the Spaniards of to-day, would be to fall into the greatest of errors. It is not to be believed that their modern character is the character of the nation; it is only a character of convention.—Although their gravity, their bravery, their pride, their indolence, are, as we may say, passed into a proverb all over Europe; yet in these features, attentively considered, we see not the man, but his mask.—And why this mask? The inquisition will answer.’

The inquisition was first brought into Arragon after the death of Peter the Second, who was slain fighting for the cause of freedom in the war of the Albigeois. But all attempts to introduce it into any of the neighbouring kingdoms were, for a succession of ages, abortive, owing to the inflexible dislike of the Spanish nation; and even in Arragon, after a time its power was restricted, and its spirit of dominion confined within such bounds as rendered its evil tendency scarcely perceptible. Isabella, the wife of Ferdinand of Arragon, is the first sovereign of Castile who permitted and encouraged the establishment of it in that kingdom, and the example which she gave from bigotry, her husband followed from that crooked and detestable policy which marked all the measures of his reign.

Henry the Fourth, king of Castile, (whom history, in complaisance to vulgar opinion, has handed down with the surname of “the Impotent,” although he was not only capable of producing, but in fact the father of, a legitimate offspring which ought to have inherited his crown) incurred the misfortune of ecclesiastical displeasure, the effects of which were not only felt by immediate posterity, but have accompanied his memory through every succeeding generation. Isabella was his sister; and long before the agitation of that criminal measure which set her on the throne of Castile, the probability of such an event was contemplated by her confessor, Torquemada, who from her earliest infancy instilled into her mind those principles of bigotry and persecution best calculated to promote the measure, to the accomplishment of which he had secretly devoted his soul. The motive of this deep and unalterable resolution is pretended to be found in a violent passion which in early youth Torquemada conceived for a Moorish lady, and which disappointment and jealousy converted into unquenchable hatred for her race; and such a motive as this, however inadequate it may appear to the poli-

tician, will not be condemned as improbable or trifling by him who has reflected on the occurrences of history with a philosophical mind, and who bears in his recollection the apparently disproportionate relations of cause and effect which are equally observable in the moral as in the natural world. The peculiarity of the Spanish character also confers a greater degree of *trai-semblance* on the tale, and makes us rather wish to find it authentic. However it be, the dark and sinuous intrigues of this extraordinary man finally accomplished what the most sanguine would hardly have ventured to predict from the commencement of his labours. Death soon afterwards deprived him of enjoying the bloody fruit of these exertions; but the chains which he had put on were rivetted by his greater successor in the confidence of the crown and in the inquisitorial office. The views of Ximenés in supporting the inquisition are ably unfolded in this work.

* First minister of the crown, imperious, haughty, cruel, and a tyrant, the object of execration to the great, whom his pride delighted in insulting, whom he eclipsed in pomp, and humbled by the comparison of his riches, and whom he felt it necessary to debase for the exaltation of the monarchy; severe reformer of monkish profligacy, even that of the cordeliers, his first protectors, and afterwards his greatest enemies; daring warrior, who made Africa tremble at the head of armies maintained at his own cost; arrived at the highest degree of power which a subject can attain, yet always viewing with restless ambition the possibility of higher greatness; distrusting equally the duplicity of Ferdinand, whose caresses were never the symptom of confidence or friendship, and the proud spirit of the grandees, whose hatred watched all his actions, to seize the instant propitious to the redress of their injuries, and the vengeance of the monks, more dangerous as it was more concealed, betraying itself only by the poignard; Ximenés had a strong interest in supporting the inquisition. His view in the establishment was not indeed that of striking at a few heretics, whose opinions were a matter of indifference to him; or of burning some Jews, whom he would have rather preserved that he might plunder them at his leisure; but it was to fortify himself by means of an instrument which he might plunge at pleasure into the breast of his enemies; to have at his devotion a body, the authority of which might reach Ferdinand himself in case of necessity, and keep him down in the slavery which he might think fit to impose upon his conscience; a tribunal, with liberty to penetrate in the name of God, into the asylums of monks and the palaces of princes, to drag from thence such victims as he should select for his personal security, and to plunge them in dungeons, or conduct them to death amidst the acclamations of a people who would regard their sufferings as a homage rendered to the Deity. Torquemada looked on the inqui-

sition as a footstool to the attainment of his dignities; Ximenes made it the bulwark by which to support himself in those which he had already acquired. Thus, the ambition of a dominican and the self-interest of a cordelier brought down upon Spain the greatest of scourges, and a whole nation was ruined for ages; because one monk chose to be a cardinal, and another resolved to continue prime minister.'

The first enormities of the Spanish inquisition occasioned an immediate depopulation to such an extent, that Spain has never since recovered from the effects of it. Multitudes of refugees were hospitably received in our country, (the general asylum for the persecuted in all ages) and M. Lavallée takes occasion from this natural occurrence to make a comparison between our ancestors and ourselves, greatly (as we may be assured) to the advantage of those who have gone before us.

Some very just observations which occur on Charles the Fifth's impolitic conduct in the affairs of the Low Countries we shall insert, because they apply most forcibly to the prevailing maxims of state with regard to our sister-nation. The application will be obvious to all who are not blinded by their fondness for inconsistency and injustice. Charles the Fifth issued an edict for the establishment of the inquisition in the Netherlands, where he was told that the reformed principles were making a rapid progress. His sister, Mary, queen of Hungary, the enlightened governess of those countries, represented to him the danger of the measure, and the necessity of withdrawing it. He saw the necessity; but he was too self-willed and too prejudiced to follow the advice. Accordingly, he *half* retracted, and *half* enforced; and so, by his *half* measures, prepared the way for the final dismemberment of the provinces.

'The original edict excited men to revolt—the amended edict moved only their contempt. This false measure first gave to his subjects the feeling and the knowledge of their strength; and instead of giving credit to Charles V. for having retraced his steps, they naturally enough concluded, that he had not found himself in a condition to impose upon them the yoke which he wished to enforce. *How much better to have withdrawn the edict at once!*'

In Naples the inquisition never obtained a footing; but the causes of its complete rejection in this country, 'so prone to superstition and indolence, till their august majesties, Joseph Napoleon, and Joachim Napoleon, came to reform it,' are of a very uninteresting nature and wholly unconnected with any great or good principles of human conduct.

The history of its introduction into Portugal is curious enough. After having been successfully resisted for many years by the repugnance and free spirit of the people, it was at last established by king John III. upon the authority of a pretended papal bull, the impudent forgery of an intriguing monk. The discovery of the fraud cost the monk his life, but did not overthrow the establishment. After the revolution which set the family of Braganza on the throne, John the Fourth let slip the most favourable opportunity that could ever occur for its extirpation; and every occurrence since his reign only tended to rivet more firmly the fetters which a petty swindler had forged for the nation.

The fifth book presents a more animating picture of the policy and courage of man. About the year 1240, the attention of the senate and doge of Venice was first called to the crime of heresy and its extirpation by the intrigues of the papal court; but no sooner did the pope's *paternal* views become manifest to the wisdom of that government, than an edict was issued, disclaiming in the most positive manner the right of his interference in the ecclesiastical concerns of the state.—Four successive pontiffs incessantly laboured without effect, to remove the obstacles which this determination presented to the introduction of their favourite establishment; but Nicholas the Fourth was the first who profited by a moment of weakness to effect the object of their wishes. The papal bull announcing this hard earned conquest, and confirming its consequences, is dated the 28th of August, 1289; but from the time of its publication, the senators of Venice set themselves so constantly in opposition to the encroachments of the authority which it established, that the momentary concession lost almost all its force, and Venice remained, notwithstanding the inquisition, almost the only country in Europe where through the worst ages of ecclesiastical persecution, the principles of religious toleration were felt by the individuals and acknowledged by the government. The famous thirty-nine articles which were passed into laws by the senate at different periods, from the year 1550 to 1610, and which the reader may find extracted in this work, form a code of laws for the regulation of the inquisition, which will perhaps be admired as a model of political sagacity long after the world shall be agreed in judging very differently of certain other thirty-nine articles, against which it is not lawful for us to speak.

It is now necessary for us to bring our present remarks to an abrupt termination. The remaining divisions of this work containing the particulars of the institution, which it has hitherto treated only in the form of general history, will be a subject for our future consideration.

ART. III.—*Lettres sur la Morée et les Isles de Cerigo, Hydra, and Zante, &c.*

Letters on the Morea, and the Isles of Cerigo, Hydra, and Zante. By A. L. Castellan. With twenty-three Views by the Author, engraved by himself, and three Plans.—Paris, 8vo. 2 Parts, 1808. London, Dulau, 12s.

THE author of this work accompanied the engineer, M. Ferregeau, to Constantinople, in quality of draughtsman, but political events soon compelled him to return to France with his fellow-labourers. He embraced the opportunity of collecting what information he could at the places at which he touched, and of making sketches of the scenery or objects which engaged his attention on the way.

We shall translate a few specimens of the work.

‘Near the principal towns in the Morea, we meet with country-houses, which are called *towers*. Indeed the majority make use of fortresses.’

The author gives a drawing of one, in which

‘we observe the staircases placed on the outside, which serve as means of support for a drawbridge, which is removed at night. Above the doors there are a species of ventilators which serve, without exposing the person, to discover and even to injure the assailant. The wall which fronts the spectator’ (in the plate) ‘and which is turned towards the country, is pierced only with narrow loop-holes.’ ‘These precautions are necessary in a country which is habitually ravaged by civil wars and robbers.’

‘We visited many grottos, which are found in the steep mountains which line the coast. These serve as receptacles for the shepherds and their flocks, which are turned out in the morning to graze on the mountains above. These shepherds are such as are depicted in the Idylls of Theocritus, or, as we see them represented on the bass-reliefs of the Greeks. They have preserved the ancient costume in its primitive simplicity. The mildness of the climate enabled them to go almost naked. A simple shirt of cotton, which falls a little above the knees, and is fastened round the body by a coarse sash, or leathern girdle, forms their whole dress. The inhabitants of the more elevated mountains wear lamb-skins cut in the same form. In the summer they wear the hair on the outside, and in the winter they turn it towards the skin. A white cloth rolled round the head, shades them from the heat of the sun; and their shoes consist of a piece of leather which protects the foot, and it is tied by bands like the buskins of the ancients. The grottos to which they retire, are closed only by a heap of stones, or merely by green

or dry bushes, which are sufficient to keep the flocks from escaping during the night. One of these grottos is found near the road (of Malvasia;) 'the opening, in a recess of the rock, is hardly visible; it is inhabited by many families of shepherds. They had gone out with their flocks when we entered; but a multitude of young lambs were left behind, which were guarded by dogs. Some kids were climbing over the highest rocks, and browsing the aromatic herbs, and the young branches of the mastic. The interior of the grotto is more than a hundred feet deep. There is no spring in the neighbourhood, but they supply the want by the waters which filter through the rock, and which they collect in vessels. We did not penetrate into several narrow and deep recesses, into which their women had, perhaps, retired on our approach, and we contented ourselves with viewing their domestic equipage, which consisted of mats made of palm-leaves, and of coverings of goats'-hair, which they weave themselves and use for their bed. They had earthen vessels on the hearth for cooking their food, as well as wooden ones for receiving their milk, and baskets for their cheese. We put nothing out of its place; and, after gratifying our curiosity, went away, leaving some small pieces of Turkish money as a means of engaging their confidence. This proved successful, for they afterwards came regularly to the ship every morning to bring us milk and cream, and even sold us some lambs. To them this independent life has many charms. As they have no fixed abode they secure themselves by this means from the vexations of the Turks, with whom they have little intercourse. They seldom go into the town, except to procure by exchange articles of the first necessity. They did not appear to feel the misery of their condition. Brought up in this state, their strongest desire is the preservation of their independence. We could hardly believe that beings so savage and so ignorant exist so close to the confines of civilized life. But are they the less happy? They do not live entirely isolated in dreary situations. They taste the simple pleasures of nature; they are surrounded by a family which is often very numerous. The care of their flocks, the manufacture of their mats and their baskets, the preparation of skins for their clothing, the gathering of wild fruits, (for they cultivate none) vary their occupations and their pleasures. They glide down the current of life in a succession of tranquil days, which we should perhaps feel monotonous, but which, from the force of habit, they prefer to a more civilized existence, which they might easily realize.'

In the fifteenth letter we have the following description of the towns of Coron, of Turkish justice, of the manners, usages, and government of the Mainotes, descendants of the Spartans,

'The gulph of Coron is large and of a semicircular form. To the right it is shaded by the ragged mountains of Maina. In

the recess we find the smiling plain of Nissy, and the town of Coron is situated at the other extremity on the declivity of a mountain, the summit of which is occupied by the citadel. The houses, placed on a shelving site, present their fronts to the sea, and offer a rich prospect to the eye. The vicinage of the plains, where the cultivated parts are intermingled with groves, watered by a multitude of streams, form agreeable walks. The consul's house is on the beach. Embarkations may be made on a terrace which runs in front, in the centre of which the French flag is displayed. Coron is beginning to emerge from the ruins which the last war occasioned; but it will not become a place of considerable trade, while the communication by land is so difficult, and while the Mainotes and other pirates, with which the coast swarms, inspire so much dread by sea. Nevertheless, this place, which is the residence of the consul-general of the Morea, is interesting by its situation at the entrance of the Archipelago and of the Adriatic; it might form a species of advanced guard which would command the two seas. Coron is in effect well situated to watch every maritime movement in the Mediterranean. Its commercial operations would, on one side, accord with those of Napoli de Romania, the position of which facilitates its intercourse with all the isles of the Archipelago and the rest of Greece, and, on the other, with those of Patras, which might become the staple of the commerce of the Adriatic and the Venetian isles. At present all its industry is extinguished. The Turks from the lofty fortress diffuse terror over the Morea, which attempted to shake off the yoke only to increase the weight. The following is an instance of the manner in which the Turks administer justice, and of the vexations which they practise towards the Greeks. We were walking one evening along the mole, when we heard some persons apparently uttering complaints and imprecations. We were conducted by a light towards the house of the commandant of the port, from which the noise proceeded. We penetrated into a species of damp vault; an iron lamp, which was suspended from the arch, threw a pale light on a scene of suffering. Two unhappy Moreans, almost naked, were sitting on the earth, on some bits of straw; their right leg was pressed between two logs, and padlocked, and they had an iron collar on their necks, from which a heavy chain was suspended, which hardly permitted them to lie down. Their hands were at liberty; and they were at the moment devouring some coarse food which the wife of one of them had brought. She sat down with a young child at her breast, who, alarmed by the rattling of the chains, made the roof resound with its cries. The mother wept, and the prisoners cursed. On leaving this abode of despair, we were informed of the crime which these Greeks had committed. They had been reported to have discovered a treasure, of which they had communicated a part to the bey to bind him to secrecy, as the Porte asserts its right to this kind of discoveries. The bey, on being questioned, denied the

fact, and the better to exculpate himself condemned the unfortunate men, notwithstanding the protestations of their innocence, to be confined till they had restored the imaginary treasure.—The mountainous chain of the Taygetus arises in the front of Coron; at the other extremity of the gulph, the aspect is bare, the tops covered with snow, are often hid in clouds. The savage grandeur which these mountains exhibit, is contrasted with the flowery plains which are spread at their feet. This spot seems to furnish a fit retreat for the descendants of the Spartans. Here the Mainotes have retired for the preservation of their liberty. They inhabit the elevated plains, or deep and retired hollows of the mountains, where the defiles may be guarded by a small number of intrepid warriors against whole armies, which would be destroyed in detail before these natural entrenchments could be forced. The Mainotes, often in rebellion against the Turks, their implacable enemies, hardly ever lay aside their arms. The children are taught to handle the sword before they have strength to hold the plough; and, in moments of imminent danger, the women mingling in the fight, inflame the valour of their husbands and their sons. The most active vigilance prevents an unexpected incursion; a faithful dog informs them of the ambush and approach of the enemy, and forms a sort of advanced guard which it is impossible to surprize. The manners of the Mainotes are simple, frugal, and austere. Plunged, at present, in the darkest ignorance, they are superstitious and strongly devoted to the opinions of their fathers. They cherish the sentiment of independence, which has been transmitted to them from such a remote period, with so much fondness, that they would willingly lay down their lives in its defence.

The Mainotes are vindictive; they never pardon the murder of their relations; they make a point of honour of avenging it, and let their beards grow till they have extinguished their resentment in the blood of the murderer, or of some of his family. If they are too feeble to avenge themselves, they form an alliance with some robust youths of a respectable family. They sanctify this act by the prayers of their priests; oaths of mutual fidelity,* cement the union; they become more intimately confederated than brothers, and they undertake, at the hazard of their lives, to succour each other against their common enemy. Mothers educate their children in the same sentiments. The vindictive spirit which inflames the Mainotes, keeps their hatred perpetually kindled against the Turks. The sterility of the soil, on which they reside, serves to propagate the habits of rapine to which they are inclined, and which constitute their chief characteristic. But in their incursions, they respect those foreigners who are connected by friendship, or by social ties with their principal chieftains; and they receive with distinction those, who recommended by their neighbours, demand an asylum amongst

* We omit "qu'ils cimentent en buvant leur propre sang." *to drink*

them. They then employ every possible means in their defence; they would brave the greatest dangers rather than deliver them up to the persecution of their enemies. But, when, without these claims on their regard, we land on the coast of Maina, or when a vessel is wrecked on their shores, or forced to take refuge in their ports, it is soon ravaged and dismantled; the crew are made prisoners, and detained in dungeons till they can pay a ransom. But, in the upper Maina, where the inhabitants are generally more commercial and civilized, there are ports, which are frequented by merchant-vessels, which trade in oil. The women, among the Mainotes, are very laborious, discreet, and virtuous; they perform all the domestic occupations within the house, and often those without, while the men are engaged in war and devastation. The invasion of the Morea by the Albanians furnishes more than one example of the horror, which these women have for slavery, and of the invincible repugnance which they feel towards foreigners, and particularly towards their enemies. Many produce abortions, drown and strangle their infants, in order to facilitate their escape, which they often brave every possible danger to effect. They habituate themselves to the use of arms, and we have seen many women among the Mainotes, who unable to procure them, have lent their shoulders as a rest for the muskets of their brothers, or their husbands, in order that the ball might be discharged with more certainty of success.

ART. IV.—*Essai sur les Dettes, &c.*

Essay on National Debts, and on the Possibility of extinguishing them in the Course of Time without repaying the Capital, and without doing the least Injury to the Public Creditor. By George Craufurd, Rotterdam, 1809, 8vo. London, Dulau, Soho Square.

THIS is not the first work of Mr. Craufurd which we have read or have reviewed. The title of the present essay will probably excite some surprise in the reader, as containing a paradox which seems at first sight, not easily to be solved. How is a public creditor to lend his money on the express condition of being repaid, or of receiving a certain annual interest till he is repaid, yet neither to be repaid his capital, nor to receive his interest in perpetuity, without experiencing the least injury, or having any good reason to complain of the injustice of the government? This must seem passing strange, but acquainted as we are with some of Mr. Craufurd's former attempts to throw new light on the subject of finance, we were not very greatly astonished to find him making an

attempt to prove such an apparently difficult and mysterious doctrine. But Mr. Craufurd is very apt to express himself in such an intricate and bewildering way, that, when he has any meaning, it is no very easy task to find it out.

Mr. Craufurd begins his essay by stating that money cannot have the quality of perpetuity. Money, though composed of such solid metals as gold and silver, is certainly a material, which is subject to the attrition of time; but this attrition is so slow and gradual, where the file, or the bore of the Jew is not employed, that gold or silver may be said to be perpetual, with sufficient accuracy of expression, compared with the natural tendency to decomposition and decay, of all terrestrial things.

The totality of the property of individuals is next said by Mr. C. to be answerable for the national debt, and as that property must always exceed the amount of the debt, no state reasonably can, nor morally ought, to declare itself bankrupt. The interest of a national debt presses only on the consumers, as those, on whom the taxes which are to pay the interest are immediately laid, raise the price of the object taxed in a higher ratio than the amount of the taxes. This may be done in taxes on articles of consumption, but it is not so easily effected in a tax like that on income in this country. The solidity of a national debt, by which we suppose that the author means the inviolable sanctity of the obligation to pay it, demands either a very low interest, or, if a high interest is given, a limitation of the time when it is to cease. After omitting some of the succeeding paragraphs, we come a little nearer to the actual plan, which the author recommends for the accomplishment of the prodigy stated in the title-page. Most truths, however complicated, appear very simple when they are understood; and the same remark may be applied to certain propositions, which financiers, as well as metaphysicians seem sometimes fond of rendering difficult and obscure by the intricate manner in which they are arranged, or the ambiguous one in which they are expressed. The great *arcanum* of Mr. Craufurd seems to consist principally in granting annuities at 5 per cent. for a limited period, as for 55 or 60 years; or else in granting perpetuities redeemable at pleasure, and on money borrowed at par, at the same rate of interest. The author seems to think it better for government to borrow money at par, at a higher interest, than to borrow on a *nominal* sum at a lower rate. Thus 3 per cent. if the 3 per cents. were at 50, would be equal to 6 per cent. to the purchaser, with the chance of a great future rise upon the capital, so that it may be ultimately doubled. The author

seems to think therefore that it would be better at once to pay 6 per cent. for 100*l.* than to pay 3 per cent. for 50*l.* Where a government employs a certain annual sum for reducing the capital of its debt, it must certainly conduce more to its interest to borrow money at par, for otherwise for every loan of 50*l.* which it makes in time of war, it may have to pay an advance of 30 or 40 per cent. when it is redeemed by the sinking fund in time of peace. This seems a most ruinous mode of borrowing money, and of redeeming loans.

'In England,' says Mr. Craufurd, 'experience proves that an annuity of 5 per cent. for 55 or 60 years, and to expire totally at the end of that period, fetches as high a price in the market as a perpetuity at 5 per cent. which is redeemable at the will of the borrower. The reason is, that perpetuities at 5 per cent. may be redeemed in a few years by a loan at 4 per cent. when the rate of interest falls, and even those at 4 per cent. may in a few years more be redeemed by a loan at 3 per cent. which would be prejudicial to the proprietor, or to his heirs during a great part of these 55 or 60 years, because he could not find means of laying out his money more advantageously, while another proprietor and his heirs would receive 5 per cent. out of which by deducting a tenth part, or $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and putting it out at compound interest for the period of 55 or 60 years, they might realize a new capital, which would yield a larger annual revenue than the interest which would then cease, and place the different proprietors at the end of the term almost on a level with respect to capital. The proprietor whom we have last named, need sacrifice only $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of his annuity for a period of 55 or 60 years to secure a perpetuity, whilst the first might be deprived of 1 or 2 per cent. for 40 or 50 years, though he preserved his perpetuity. It is then the interest of money which ought to reproduce the capital and perpetuate the annuity, whether it be granted by an individual or a nation; and it would in no case be necessary to replace the capital of an annuity for a fixed term, since every annuity granted for 55 or 60 years would thus replace itself. A nation, which should establish its debts on this footing, would have occasion for taxes only for a period of 55 or 60 years, in order to extinguish the annuities which are created, since the impost for the annuity of the 61st year, would be found in the cessation of the annuity of the 1st year, and the impost for the annuity of the 62d year would be found in the cessation of the annuity of the 2d year, and thus in the succeeding years. The financial machine would turn on a pivot, and a multitude of taxes would be rendered unnecessary.'

In another part of this essay, the author says that
'the increase of price of all the objects of necessity or luxury must sooner or later discover to the English the error of their

system, which accumulates taxes at the rate of 100, in order to avoid them at that of 5 or 6 per cent. as interest. This is actually the case in the twenty millions sterling which they anticipate every year for the expenses of the war. We may regard the (English) system of redeeming 8 or 9 millions sterling a year in time of war, as neutralized, by the new loans; but this system will resume its destructive quality in time of peace, for they will then give in effect 75 or 80 per cent. for money which was borrowed at 50 or 55 per cent. or in this proportion. This is what happened in the interval between 1784 and 1792. In the year 1792 they redeemed at 95 or 97 per cent. the 3 per cent. stock which they had sold at 49 or 50 per cent. which makes almost 200 for every 100 received.

There is certainly much truth in some of these remarks, and they tend to prove the loudly boasted sinking-fund one of the most expensive and ruinous means of paying a debt which ever was devised. We mentioned this subject in reviewing Mr. Craufurd's doctrine of equivalents in the year 1806. We must beg leave to refer our readers to the *C. R.* for October, 1806, p. 207. The loan of the year 1799, was made by the sale of three per cents. at about 56 per cent. net, after deducting the discount for prompt payment. Now if in a period of peace this stock should rise to 96 or to *par*, which is not impossible, the nation will have to thank the redeeming powers of the sinking-fund for making them pay each capital debt of 566l. at the rate of 960 or 1000l. What individual is there in his sober senses, who would borrow money at such an exaggerated premium, if premium it may be called? It would certainly be better in all cases to borrow money at *par*, or in other words not to give, or stipulate to give more than one hundred pounds for one hundred, even though we should have to pay $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ more interest for the loan than on the ancient system. Or it would be advisable to grant annuities for a long period, as of 60 years, according to the plan recommended by the author, which appears both practical and safe, highly conducive to the public good and to the good of individuals.

ART. V.—*Les J' ai vu.*

The Sights I have seen. By the Author of Memoirs of a Traveller at Rest. Third Edition, with Additions.—London, Dulau, 1810.

‘I HAVE seen,’ says the author, ‘a king imprisoned by his son (1), five emperors massacred (2), five kings assassinated (3), six kings deposed (4), five republics annihilated (5), a great kingdom effaced from the map of Europe (6). I have seen England lose in eight years half North America, after possessing it for more than a century. I have seen her, verifying the sentiment of an ancient, (that the empire of the sea gives that of the land) take the Cape of Good Hope, and the island of Ceylon from the Dutch; Malta, Egypt, and several colonies from the French. I have seen her dictate the law to the king of Denmark, at Copenhagen, and carry her victorious arms into the most remote parts of the world. I have seen this same England in 1780, resist the combined efforts of Europe, of America, and of the northern powers who formed an armed neutrality against her maritime dominion; I have seen her in the revolutionary war, often destitute of allies, and alone opposing the enormous power of France, of Italy, of Denmark, and of Russia (7). I have seen the son of an English gentleman go out to India, as writer to a mercantile company (8), quitting this service when very young to embrace a military life, afterwards rising to the head of the army;—dethrone a powerful prince in the East, place another on his throne, conquer a part of Hindoostan, and raise the British dominion in that quarter to the pre-eminence which it now enjoys.’ ‘I have seen what has no example in history, a little Corsican gentleman conquer Italy; force the emperor of Germany to make a disgraceful peace (9); take Malta in two days; Egypt in a month; return from thence, and place himself on the throne of the Bourbons, and all in less than four years, (from May, 1796, to November, 1799). I have

(1) Victor, king of Sardinia, in 1792.

(2) Peter III. John VI. Paul 1st. emperors of Russia; Selim III. in July, 1808, and Mustapha IV. November 17, 1808, emperors of Constantinople.

(3) Joseph, king of Portugal: Louis XV. Louis XVI. Louis XVII. at Dillingen, July 12th, 1796, kings of France: Gustavus III. king of Sweden, in 1792.

(4) Stanislas Poniatowsky, king of Poland; the king of Sardinia on the 10th of December, 1798; Ferdinand IV. king of Naples; Charles IV. Ferdinand VII. kings of Spain, in May, 1808; and Gustavus IV. king of Sweden, arrested on the 13th of March, 1809, by his uncle, (the duke of Sudermania) who was elected king in his stead, on the 15th of the following June.

(5) Holland, Sweden, Venice, Genoa, Lucca.

(6) The kingdom of Poland.

(7) After the treaty of Luneville.

(8) Lord Clive, from 1747 to 1767. He died in 1774.

(9) The peace of Campo-Formio, on the 17th of October, 1797; the preliminaries were signed April 17, 1797, at Leoben.

seen him transport his army and his artillery in the midst of winter over the most difficult pass of the Alps, and in a single battle (10) decide at once the fate of Germany, and of Italy. I have seen this same Corsican gentleman order the pope to Paris in 1804, to crown him emperor of the French, and afterwards depose this same pope, and deprive him of the temporal possessions which his ancestors had enjoyed for more than a thousand years (11). I have seen him declare himself king of Italy. I have seen him braving a formidable league, which was directed against him, march to Vienna, and even into Hungary in six weeks; give the law three times to the emperor of Germany (12), compel him to abdicate the imperial crown of the Cesars, deprive him of a part of his dominions, force the emperor of Russia twice to retire (13), and soon after oblige him to march to his assistance against the emperor of Austria. I have seen him destroy the power of the king of Prussia in fifteen days, and strike all Europe with dismay. I have seen him dethrone five kings (14), and create eight others (15), annex Holland to France (16), dictate to Spain, as it were one of his provinces, employ her forces as his own, and at last take possession of the whole kingdom. In short I have seen him extend his dominion farther than that of Charlemagne, and find nothing that could resist his ambition, but the king of Great Britain, sometimes alone against the whole host of European power, and sometimes with the troops of the continent in his pay."

Such are some of the strange sights which Mr. Dutens has seen, and the most striking of which, those who are much younger than him, have beheld with equal consternation and surprise.

(10) At Marengo on the 14th of June 1800, after having passed the great St. Bernard.

(11) In December 1809.

(12) By the treaties of Campo-Formio, 1797; of Luneville, 9th of February 1801, and of Vienna, 14th October 1809.

(13) At Austerlitz, the 2d of December 1805, and by the peace of Tilsit, the 8th of July 1807.

(14) The kings of France, of Naples, and Sardinia, and two kings of Spain, Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII.

(15) The kings of Etruria, of Italy, of Holland, of Naples, of Bavaria, of Wirtemberg, of Saxony, and of Westphalia.

(16) The 15th of December, 1809, the day of the most ceremonious and extraordinary divorce which is mentioned in history.

ART. —VI. *Pelisaire*, &c.

Belisarius. By Madame de Genlis. 2 Toms. 12mo.
Colburn, 1808, pr. 8s.

O! THREE times fortunate and renowned Belisarius! Whom, not content with the famous lies which antiquity hath invented concerning thy blindness, and thy begging of oboluses, two modern bards have also conspired to elevate into a hero of romance, and hand down to posterity, ornamented with all the *magnanimes mensonges* that have ever overlaid the memory of warriors since the days of Hercules and Theseus! Such was the exclamation extorted from us, on seeing announced this modern antique from the pen of Madame de Genlis. We will not say that these, or similar reflections at all aided to overcome the repugnance which we felt to disturb again the venerable dust of the hero; but we may perhaps admit that, having once surmounted that *natural* feeling, we have, upon the whole, been tolerably well recompenced for the labour of the victory.

We must first caution our readers, in the fair lady's own words, against supposing that Marmontel's *Belisarius* has any thing to do with the hero of Madame de Genlis, and shall then give them some further opportunity of judging what they *have* to expect from the latter as a gentleman and a Roman.

'I have not had the boldness to *re-make* Belisarius,' she says, 'but on a point of history which all the world is possessed of, I have formed a narrative which has nothing in common with that of M. Marmontel. His political romance will remain in the hands of the statesman; mine may, perhaps, afford some amusement to the leisure moments of women and men of the world; and this is enough for me.' Preface.

The pious Arcadius, a hermit of the Thebaid, returning one night to his cell, is overtaken by a tremendous storm, which obliges him to seek shelter under a tree. In the intervals of the wind, the cries of distress reach his ears, and to the surprise which the sound of a human voice in those solitary regions occasions, is added an emotion of horror at hearing the same voice uttering maledictions, and murmuring against Providence. On reaching the spot from whence the sound proceeds, he is astonished at seeing an old man loaded with irons and chained to the rock. He releases, and conveys him to his cell, where he vainly endeavours to appease the rage and thirst for vengeance, which seem to occupy his soul. The hermit speaks of the force of religion, and as-

sure his new inmate, that after having himself experienced the most dreadful misfortunes, he had found, in retiring from the world, and devoting himself to pious offices, the only sure road to tranquillity and peace.

'If you have lived in the world, said the stranger, my name cannot be unknown to you. I am Belisarius.' 'Just providence! Is it then Belisarius, the conqueror of the Goths and Vandals, that I receive into my cell?

The attentions of Arcadius are now redoubled; and though his feelings are most powerfully excited by the spectacle of the great Belisarius, friendless, blind, and persecuted, he still enjoins patience and submission to the divine will, and continues to combat, with all the arguments dictated by religion, the vindictive spirit of his guest.

Belisarius now relates the history of his life. He speaks of his earliest exploit, in the Persian war, during the reign of Justin the elder, which draws upon him the attention, and ends in inspiring the confidence of Justinian, the nephew of the emperor.

'But the confidence of princes is generally the result of idleness or vanity. I mean the love of discharging themselves of a thousand cares, and fatiguing concerns with which the confident is entrusted. We are long the dupes of a prince's favours, before we discover the real motives of them. How much was I touched by the confidence of Justinian! The importance of his secrets took away from my eyes all the interest even of my own. Eager to hear him, and proud of being consulted, I wished not to engage his attention to the subject of my own private concerns; nor did I perceive that he never entertained the slightest desire to become acquainted with them. Attachment towards him became the predominant sentiment of my heart; and it appeared to me as if he knew it, and was only doing me justice when he spoke to me exclusively of what regarded himself.'

The disgraced general then goes on to relate the succession of Justinian, and the different wars in which he was personally engaged under his reign; his appointment to the chief command in the African war, and the implacable enmity which that appointment produced in the breast of his rival Narses; the capture of Carthage, and defeat of Gelimer, king of the Vandals. Gelimer takes refuge with his family, and a handful of brave followers on the almost inaccessible mountain of Pastrea, where Belisarius makes many fruitless endeavours to seize his person.

'He shewed himself from time to time, proceeds the narrator, 'as

if to brave us from the summit of a rugged rock. We perceived him in this situation several times, and admired the dignity of his mien, the beauty of his person, and the pride of his countenance. One of his soldiers descended into the plain; they brought him to me; I commissioned him to request his master to receive Pharas, one of my lieutenants, whom I wished to send to him charged with a proposal of peace. Gelimer consented; a guide came to conduct Pharas, bound his eyes and led him to the top of the mountain. Pharas was touched by the misery in which he found this brave and unfortunate prince, and above all with his heroic firmness; surrounded by his soldiers, he was seated on a rock. "You see," said he to Pharas, "the throne which remains to me; a cavern is my palace, and here is my court! I have no longer any courtiers; they flatter me no more; but these generous companions of my misfortunes are determined to partake my fate; they have taken a new oath of fidelity, that of dying free with me in this desert."—Notwithstanding this language, Pharas fulfilled his mission, he promised Gelimer independence, and a fate worthy of his birth, on condition of his putting himself into my hands and following me to Constantinople. "Never," replied Gelimer, "I will receive nothing from the destroyers of my country; besides what do you ask of me? Peace? It is no longer possible for me to contend with you; you have annihilated my subjects, my army, my empire—what do you offer me? Riches? I despise them—Independence? I enjoy it, and I owe it to my courage alone—under the pretence of assisting a prince who was base enough to arm a foreign power against his country, you have put an end to the monarchy of the Vandals—faithful friends, what will you venture to restore to your ally? a palace which was given up to pillage—fields laid waste—and a country depopulated. You have destroyed a powerful empire, but you shall never vanquish the constancy of Gelimer—as long as you inhabit this unfortunate country, I will remain on this mountain, immoveable as the rock, inflexible as destiny; here will I be always seen, proud of my poverty, and glorying in my sufferings—I will finish my life here, if it must be so; in this very place they shall dig my grave; this rock shall cover my ashes, and of all the mausoleums of kings, it shall be the noblest, and the most illustrious." "Belisarius," replied Pharas, "cannot be in his heart the enemy of the brave; while he deploras your obstinacy, he esteems the grandeur of your soul; he hopes that reflection will lead you to take a more moderate resolution; in the mean while touched with the severity of your condition, he offers to send you provisions, and every thing that you ask." "Well then," said Gelimer, "let him send me a lute, that I may sing my misfortunes; it is all I will accept from him." This singular request was granted. I sent a lute to Gelimer, who immediately availed himself of it. Every day after sun-set this prince seated on the summit of the mountain, his lute in his hand, made the echoes of the vallies resound with his melancholy complaint; his strains, fierce and wild, and always the same,

possessed an indescribable charm, which arrested our soldiers at the foot of the mountain to hear them. After a very long resistance, the horrors of famine prevail. "What I had foreseen at last happened; the soldiers of Gelimer, in spite of their oath, could not support the horrors of their situation; they revolted with great fury, menaced Gelimer with assassinating his wife and child, if he did not consent to descend the mountain with them, and surrender at discretion. It was thus that this unfortunate prince was delivered to me; I admired more than ever at this moment the strength of his soul; he accosted me with firmness; no complaint escaped his lips; "Belisarius," said he to me, "I confide to your honour, the honour of my wife and the life of my child; as to the rest, dispose of me as you choose." I assured him that his wife should be treated with the respect due to her sex, her rank, and her misfortunes, and that he should not be separated from her, nor his child. At these words Gelimer thanked me by a look, but said nothing; and from that moment he spoke to me no more. His wife, straining her child to her bosom, kept behind him. This young princess was strikingly beautiful, in spite of her paleness, of the melancholy impression which the horrors of famine, and of three months of suffering, had left on her countenance. I advanced towards her, begging her to ask all that it was in my power to grant. "Speak," cried I, "order—what do you desire?" "A little bread for my child," replied she in feeble accents. These words made Gelimer shudder, and my tears flowed—at that moment I knew the fragility of this world's goods—I felt all the nothingness of grandeur, of fortune, of glory; those words seemed to wither all my laurels, and took from me, for at least some moments, all the confidence which success and good fortune inspire.

Belisarius manifests during the voyage every kind attention to his captives. Pharas had been sent forward with the news of the extinction of the Vandals, and the acclamations of the populace on seeing the victor are unbounded.

'On hearing from afar the shouts of the people, I at first only experienced a painful feeling of embarrassment, in considering that this tumultuous and public joy was insulting to the misfortune of my captives. I cast an unquiet glance at Gelimer; and my surprise was extreme on seeing him smile; he remarked my astonishment. "I despise Fortune," said he, "and I laugh at her vicissitudes."—"Yes," he continued with a sigh, "on such a day as this, and in the same season, I mounted the throne of Hilderic, and was proclaimed King of a people who exist no longer." As he uttered these words, we reached the gates of Constantinople. Here I found myself in the midst of an innumerable multitude, intoxicated with enthusiasm and delight, who rushed to meet me. I perceived in the crowd Pharas, all my other friends, and my wife, and I no longer felt any thing but the

pleasure of being applauded with such transports in the presence of all that was dear to me. In an instant they surround me, they place me on the car of triumph;—I repulsed them, but feebly; I feared to cool that ardent enthusiasm, and even to give dissatisfaction, by opposing a sincere resistance; the car moved slowly on, amidst the repeated shouts of “long live Belisarius!” In the midst of this triumph, I heard a deep and severe voice behind me exclaim, “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;” it was the voice of Gelimer. I turned back shuddering, and I saw this Prince, and his wife in her veil, fastened with chains of gold to my car;—this sight restored me to myself; I blushed at that pagan pomp which neither the reigning Emperor nor his august predecessor had ever had renewed for themselves; I perceived the danger of such ostentation, and felt no longer any sentiment but that of the insupportable uneasiness which we experience when we are forced to tread a path which we believe imprudent and false.*****

At length we arrive. I descend from the fatal car; they unbind the chains of my captives, and we enter the interior of the palace. Justinian, seated on his throne, awaited us in his hall of Audience. I remarked anger on his countenance; I presented to him the dethroned King of the Vandals and his wife. “Prince,” said the Emperor to him, “I shall neglect nothing to make you forget your entry into Constantinople—know, at least, that I respect the courage of the unfortunate and royal birth too much, to have ordered this insulting and barbarous triumph.”

From this time Belisarius's favour at court declines; and though he still performs wonders in the field of battle, the enthusiastic admiration of the populace only tends to further the designs of Narses and his enemies. On his return from defeating the Bulgarians, he finds himself condemned to banishment at his villa, for having restored the captive son of Abdalaz, king of that people, without a ransom. During this disgrace, he is visited by the young Prince Justin (heir to Justinian) and his relation and bosom friend Tiberius, who have been educated together at a distance from the court, and who are both eager to become acquainted with a hero, whose exploits they have so long admired.

Tiberius, who is represented as uniting the amiable qualities of mildness and gentleness, with the more exalted ones of generosity and firmness; tells Belisarius, that his most earnest wish has been to become known to one whom he so highly venerated, and that it would be his greatest pride to unite himself more closely with him, and to become the husband of his only daughter. The character of Anastasia is now introduced—a mutual attachment takes place. Justin's impetuous

entreaties and eager importunities in the mean time produce such an effect on the Emperor's mind, that he recalls Belisarius. Anastasia is seen for the first time by Justin, who (unconscious of his friend's superior claims, which, from motives of prudence, are kept secret), falls violently in love with her; his ungovernable spirit will not admit the shadow of an obstacle, and after positively declining an alliance with Tiberius's sister Sophia, he at last by his importunities induces the Emperor to a feigned acquiescence in his wishes.

Justin, on finding that the only obstacle to his wishes is in the firmness of Belisarius, gives way to all the ungovernable rage and wild indignation that marks his character, and the hero, from becoming obnoxious to one of his power, is more than ever exposed to the machinations of his enemies. Narses, who is become the decided favourite of the Emperor, at last succeeds in obtaining the imprisonment of his fallen rival; and, while both the Princes are at a distance, and the Emperor weakened both in mind and body by sickness, he contrives, under pretence of an insurrection of the populace, to make him accede to his removal, filling up the measure of crime by putting out his eyes, and exposing him on the rock, from which he was delivered in the manner already related.

The next morning, Belisarius is awakened by the sound of a lute, which recalls to his memory scenes long past; and, while he listens to the strain, he fancies himself once more in the plains of Pasuca.

"Where am I?" he exclaims,—“In the arms of Gelimer,” replies the hermit, straining him to his bosom. “Great God! Arcadius?”—“Arcadius is the unfortunate King of the Vandals.” “What!” said Belisarius, his voice choaked with sobs, “is Gelimer my benefactor? Does he, whose palaces I have reduced to ashes, he, whose armies, whose kingdom, and whose subjects, I have destroyed, does he grant me an asylum?”

Gelimer's recital of his own adventures follows; but Madame Genlis, fearful, as she says, of diminishing the interest of her hero by placing the figure of the royal hermit too much in the foreground, has made this part of her work much less attractive than we expected to have found it.

After they had both finished telling their stories, they set off together in quest of the wife and daughter of Belisarius; but in their way had the misfortune to be intercepted and made prisoners by a party of Bulgarians, which nation was then at war with the Emperor of Constantinople. Abdaliz, their king, offers every temptation to Belisarius to induce him to unite his arms with theirs against his native country; but all these pro-

posals are received by the unfortunate General with disdain. Meanwhile Gelimer has regained his liberty, and while employing every means he can devise to effect the deliverance of his friend, is unexpectedly joined by the son of Abdalix, who, in gratitude for the generous treatment formerly experienced by him from the illustrious captive, undertakes to give himself up a hostage for his security. By this grateful interposition, the hero is at last restored to liberty and to the bosom of his family.

The rest of the romance presents a very dull and truly French change of affairs. "Now horrid war hath smoothed his rugged front," &c. &c. and all our compassion for the misfortunes of Belisarius, all our admiration of the fortitude of Gelimer is swallowed up in the rival interests of young Justin and his friend Tiberius, who both profess themselves suiters for the hand of Anastasia. It most fortunately happens, however, that Tiberius was not the only child of his father. He has a sister called Sophia, equalled in every charm and virtue by none of her sex excepting the daughter of Belisarius. While this lady was yet unknown to Justin, the old Emperor had designed them to be united; and the knowledge of this design had principally conducted to his determination to thwart it by attaching himself to Anastasia. But the happy and novel expedient of "love at first sight," cures all difficulties, and Tiberius is made happy by the entire resignation of his rival's claims to the hand of Anastasia. Belisarius returns in honour to Constantinople, where, for no other reason than that the tale must be brought to a conclusion, Justinian makes every possible apology for his former incivility, and makes amends for the loss of his eyes by eyeing him once more with his accustomed favour. Belisarius of course finds the reparation fully satisfactory; every man has his mare again, and all the family live happy ever after.

Such is the miserably tame and stupid conclusion of a romance, the opening of which gave a promise of more than usual interest, which promise is very well supported, through the greater part of the first volume. But *Madame de Genlis* possesses not the art of some of our female novellists in this country, of spinning out a tale into a book. Her stories are very engaging, so long as she confines them to the rate of two or three in a volume; but we should not be at all unhappy to be informed, that she never intends to compose a novel (either historical or purely fabulous) again.

ART. VII.—*L'Appreciation du Monde, &c.*

Appretiation of the World. Translated from the Hebrew into French. By Michael Berr, Corresponding Member of the French Institute, and Fellow of the Academy of Sciences at Nancy. With a Preface by the Translator. Metz, 1808. 1 vol. 4to. London, Dulau.

THERE was a period, when the literature of the Jews, known by the name of Rabbinical learning, occupied the first place among the studies of Orientalists. But in proportion as the learned acquired a more profound knowledge of this literature which was at first so highly praised, the gratuitous assertions of these Jewish doctors were submitted to examination; and when their ridiculous subtilities, exaggerations and anachronisms were exposed, they gradually lost the credit they formerly enjoyed. On the other hand, the circle of oriental literature having become more extensive, the time and industry which had been formerly wasted on useless acquirements, was now devoted to more solid and more satisfactory studies. In this manner the learning of the Rabbis and of the Talmud fell into disrepute, and, at the present period, there are not perhaps two Christians in Europe who make it an object of their study. Even among the Jews themselves, if we except those in Poland, it has lost much of that exclusive esteem and veneration which it long enjoyed.

The *Bechinat Olam*, of which M. Berr has presented us with a new translation, under the title of *L'Appreciation du Monde*, was formerly known by the title of *Examen du Monde*, which renders the Hebrew words *Bechinat Olam* more literally, but is less calculated to describe the moral and philosophical objects of the work.

The *Bechinat Olam* has for its author, the Rabbi Jedaia, of the tribe of Abraham. He is also surnamed Bedraschi, Happenini and Anbonet-Abraham. He flourished at Barcelona about the year 1298, and his surname of Happenini denotes *dealer or worker in pearls*. It may however merely signify *eloquent*; for we know that the eastern writers compare eloquent or poetical compositions to strings of pearls.

Jedaia is the author of several works in prose and verse, and his eloquence has procured him among the Jews, the appellation of the orator. We are referred by M. Berr for an account of his life and writings to the *Bibliotheca Magna Rabbinica* of Bartolozzi, No. 594; the *Bibliotheca Hebraica* of Wolf, No. 677; and to the *Dizionario storico degli Autori Ebrei*, by De Rossi, under the head *Jedaia Appenini*.

The great estimation in which the *Bechinat Olam* was held among the Jews, was the cause of its being printed at a very early period after the invention of that art. The first edition was published at Mantua in 1476, by Estellina, a learned Jewess, the wife of Abraham Cavato. The earliest French translation by Philip Aquin, a converted Jew, appeared at Paris in 1629, and was dedicated to Cardinal Richlieu. In 1650, Uchtruan, the Hebrew professor at Leyden, published a Latin translation. Both these editions were published with the Hebrew text, but they teem with inaccuracies. A very elegant edition of the Hebrew original appeared at Furth, in 1807, with a Hebrew Commentary and a German translation of the text, printed in Hebrew characters. From this edition M. Berr takes his translation; and he has described it as the most accurate in existence.

It is now time to present our readers with a few specimens of the *Bechinat Olam*.

‘ Nothing can equal the grandeur and dignity of the man of intelligence and wisdom, who in his meditations contemplates all the secrets of nature, and penetrates to the most hidden recesses of her mysterious sanctuary.

‘ But alas! wisdom and science cannot ward off the blows of fortune, from him whose intelligence traverses space with the rapidity of lightning, and in the twinkling of an eye passes from the east to the west, and from heaven to hell.

‘ The wise man shares all the evils which attack our species, with those, who seem to have nothing in common with him but the human form: the sword of death strikes without distinction the philosopher and the peasant. But if this prospect alarms us, another consideration fills us with joy. The soul which survives us is imperishable. It survives the destruction of every thing else; and when all other good things desert us, it is the only inheritance which accompanies us beyond the gates of the tomb!

‘ Nevertheless, to the disgrace of humanity, man spares no pains to procure sensual delights;—he pays no regard to the perfection of the noblest part of himself, the breathings of the Almighty!

‘ Blind mortals! If fortune to-day deceives their expectations, they see the time pass away, and flatter themselves that another year will be more propitious to their projects of avarice or ambition. The time hangs heavily on their hands, and yet the term which they hasten by their imprudent wishes; misfortune, despair and death;—such is the future that awaits them!

‘ Do not I beseech thee, O my soul, imitate this insane conduct! What benefit wilt thou derive from life if thy years thus pass away in the search after vanity and lies?

‘ Where is the wise man who would give himself up to the sleep

of false security, when so many sources of destruction are suspended over his head, or ready to open under his feet; when the stars which roll over his head and preside over his destiny, infallibly bring on the most unexpected but inevitable events, which the Eternal has attached to their motions and to the rotation of the spheres?

Presume not, however, son of man, impiously and boldly to accuse the Author of nature of the evils which are heaped on thy short and fragile existence. Ah! the ills of which thou complainest, the dire chance which forces these bitter tears to flow, are to be imputed to thyself alone: it is thy folly which has plunged thee in the gulph of ruin. The works of the Eternal are full of wisdom and goodness. In vain do mankind aspire to comprehend them, they exceed the limits of human intelligence! All that we can conceive of Him, is, that He is beyond conception. The avowal of our impotence is the only homage which our feeble reason can render to His grandeur.

Celestial in its origin, but fallen from its primitive nobility, the soul of man, while attached to this vile body of clay, groans under an oppressive and shameful slavery. To pant after the recovery of its original liberty, to labour without ceasing to subdue this earthly frame, to make all its faculties subservient to the worship of the Creator, to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, to the triumph of virtue—such is the only occupation, the only effort worthy of our noble extraction.

In vain do the impious think to render the Divinity propitious by external acts of piety. The purity of the heart, the practice of virtue—these are the only conditions on which we are admitted into the tabernacles of the Eternal.

Mortal, let thy desires therefore, have no other object than the fulfillment of the commandments of thy God. Thou wilt find thy only happiness in the fidelity with which thou observest them. The divine law, when once thy guide, will lead thee into the paths of life eternal, and enable thee to avoid the wages of death.

M. Berr informs us that he had two grand objects in view in the publication of his present work. In the first place he was desirous to obey the suggestions of several eminent literary characters on the continent, who are his patrons, and at the same time to make good his title to a seat in the class of history and ancient literature in the French Institute, by a production worthy the acceptance of that learned body.

As to the second object of his ambition, we shall allow him to speak for himself:

Another object of my work, was to shew by one more example, amidst a crowd of others, with what success the sciences, learning and knowledge were cultivated by the Jews, at periods in their history which were the eras of tranquillity and justice; when the honours and advantages of civil society became the re-

wards of their exertions. Such was their situation in Spain, under the reign of the caliphs, in the times of Maimonides. of the Rabbi Jehuda Levi, author of a profound work on Metaphysics, and several pathetic elegies of the learned Abarbanel, minister to Alphonso V., king of Portugal, all of them cotemporary with Bedraschi. Let us also compare the morality, the sound reasoning, the pure religion and the eloquence, which reign in his work, with the narrow or frivolous ideas and corrupt style, which are to be found in the works of other Jewish doctors, who lived at the same period, in a state of oppression and subjection. *L'Appreciation du Monde* occupies the highest place among those works, which in point of merit and chronology hold the middle rank between those, which go back to the first religious, or purely philosophical institutions, and the works which belong to institutions of a more or less modern date. Allowing for the modifications of time and place, we find in *L'Appreciation du Monde*, a morality, which the most celebrated literary or religious monuments assimilate and reconcile.

Our readers will perceive, in the above extract, the partiality real or affected, generally displayed by translators for their original authors. We may fairly venture to say, however, that the Bechinat Olam, however estimable, is not the best possible specimen of the literary compositions of the Rabbis; and M. Berr himself has furnished us with materials on which to found a comparison. Among other specimens, he has given us the following composition of the Rabbi Jehuda Charizzi, in a work called the *Tahkèmoni*, and which is, it seems, a professed imitation of the style of *Hariri*, the most celebrated among the eloquent authors, of whom Arabian literature has to boast. As the extract in question cannot but amuse those who give it a perusal, we insert it at full length:

'Dispute between the pen and the sword.'

'One night,' said Heman Ezrachi, "I was stretched on my couch and sleep had fled my eye-lids. Tormented with pain, I rolled from side to side, when I heard a loud knocking at the door of my dwelling. Who is he, I exclaimed, that thus demands an entrance at the hour of midnight?" "It is," answered a human voice, "a traveller who has lost his way, and is overwhelmed with anguish." When he was admitted, leaning on his staff, carrying his baggage and clad in tattered garments, I regarded him with attention, and to my astonishment recognized under these trappings, my dear companion, the learned doctor, whose society was my chief delight! My joy was that of a man who had found a treasure—my sorrows vanished in a moment! I laid before him the humble repast which my dwelling afforded, and when he had satisfied nature and returned thanks to God for his gifts, he began to display all the treasures of his eloquence,

and to open the stores of his wisdom. I immediately took out my tablets to commit to writing what fell from his lips ; but scarcely had I begun to write when the pen broke in my hand : I took up another ; it broke in the same manner, and I peevishly threw it away. " Wherefore," said *Chaber Hakkini*, " do'st thou throw away that pen ? God himself has chosen it ; be careful not to destroy it, for it is a source of blessing. If thou wert acquainted with its merits, thou wouldest not have thrown it away. Perhaps thou art ignorant of the words full of wisdom by which it has proved its value. If thou art desirous I am ready to instruct thee."—" Speak," said I to him, " my ears are open to give free entrance to thy words ; and the light of thy visage has enlarged and strengthened my eyes !" *Chaber* then began :

" In days of old a contest arose between the ministers of the king, who held the pen for the execution of his mandates, and the generals who commanded his armies.

" Eloquence," said the former, " is our inheritance : we are the heroes of deliberations and councils. The oracles of prudence issue from our lips, and upon these have we laid the foundations of the empire ; they are the bolts which bind and strengthen the building. Our hand holds the pen, an instrument of great value, whose power nothing can resist : which throws down giants, and gives intelligence to the simple. If its size be small and has nothing in it remarkable, if its exterior seems feeble and impotent, yet have the brave who drew the sword from the scabbard, been compelled to retreat before it : it reduces to a cypher princes elated with their own grandeur. Then seizing the lyre of poetry they added : we are the unshaken supports of glory : the pen in our hands does honour to the diadem. Deeds of grandeur belong to us alone : at our feet we roll the stars of the firmament. Those who handle the sword are our slaves only, the points of our lances sink into their hearts without resistance."

" What is this we hear," answered the Leaders of armies ? " Are we not lions in battle, and brave with hearts of intrepidity ? Flames issue from the clashing of our swords, and the terror we inspire renders countries desolate and uninhabited. To us alone belongs the sword, which although it hath no tongue, speaks most persuasively, and seeth, although it hath no eye-balls. In its impetuous course, like unto the torrent of *Kissoun* and the waters of *Phison*, it hurries along every thing that resists it. When the pillars of the nation assemble in presence of the most High, its head is loftier than theirs ; for it is the crown of kings, and the diadem of the Lord's anointed. It keeps guard on those who wear it, and the victims of its vengeance are like the sand of the sea."

Assuming a higher tone they then exclaimed : " Like the portion of the victim consecrated to the Eternal, which the high priest waves above the altars, so does the sword, when unsheathed, glitter in our hands and menace the heads of our enemies. In the day of terror, when the brave seek an asylum against dan-

ger, our arms are bared to meet the battle. Even as a vine prospers when watered with the dews of heaven, so is our sword when drenched with the blood of its victims. It traverses the earth with the rapidity of lightning; it takes flight and the same instant sees it alight on the heads of our enemies."

"When the sword and the pen had thus uttered their sentiments, they presented themselves to defend their rights. "It is I," said the sword, "who infuse courage and strength into the brave: it is from me that the vultures and the lion's whelps derive their nourishment. While I exist, they shall neither experience hunger nor thirst: I feed them with the bodies of heroes; I intoxicate them with the blood of the brave! How dares the pen to compare itself with me, who trample it under my feet. If my arm do but touch it, it is broken; if the wind do but breathe on it, it is no more."

"Truth has fallen from thy lips," said the pen, "and every thing that thou hast said is true. Yes! 'tis thou who delightest in blood, thou art known by thy violence and cruelty. Ah! how much blood hast thou spilt! How many innocents hast thou massacred! From the first day of thy existence thou hast not ceased to depopulate the earth, to fill the graves with carcasses, to separate children from their parents and to tear them from the bosoms of their mothers. If thou prevailest over me by thy strength, know that it is not in my strength, but in the soul that animates me in which my power consists. With what grace canst thou compare thyself with me? I am a man of pure and spotless life, inhabiting tents; thou art a vagabond of the deserts, whose whole life is a tissue of crimes, murders, and robberies: thou hast no retreat but rugged mountains, rocks inhabited by goats, the beds of the torrents or the darkness of the forest. Whoever casts his eyes on thee hastens away: my appearance on the contrary, inspires joy; my society the fullness of confidence. Thou art regarded as foul and contagious, as a wretched outlaw from society. Robbers and blasphemers, men who have sinned from their mothers' womb, are the only mortals that seek thy company. For my part, no blasphemer dares to enter my dwelling; no sinner durst cast his eyes on me. He alone is worthy to serve me who walks in the paths of innocence: I am found in the hands of virtuous men only. I receive the homage of the first among men: monarchs keep no secrets from me; it is by my means that their designs are accomplished, and when I am with the King of kings in the midst of his temple, thou art not permitted to approach it."

"Thy bravadoes and falsehoods," resumed the sword, "deserve no answer. Ask only the days of ancient times which preceded thy existence: they will tell thee that it is with my help the king triumphs over those who rise against him, and subjugates his enemies and the traitors who undermine his throne. Fortified cities, ramparts, and citadels, are conquered by me alone: to me the king owes the preservation of his power; were

it not for the fear which I inspire, his grandeur could not be maintained an instant. I preserve him from his oppressors, I send my terrors before him, I crush those who attack him: at the sight of the sword with which he is armed, who can remain firm?"

'When the pen heard the haughty and disdainful language of the sword, she addressed it in the following verses:'

"I am silent, but when I assemble my armies, my words cause the proudest of mankind to tremble! My speeches are the ornament of the head of kings, my excellent parables are the joy of the heart. It was of me the Eternal made use when he wrote the ten commandments on Mount Horeb, which were the inheritance of my people. When the sword arises, I unfurl my standard above his head. When he attempts to measure himself with me, I stand erect, while he lies stretched at my feet."

'At this recital,' said Heman Ezrachi, 'when I heard the eloquence of my friend, I wrote his words on the tablet of my heart with a pen of iron. I spent several days with him: my hours fled in joy and delight, until time wounded me with the arrow of separation and tore me from the milk of his company.'

From the above extract, an idea may be formed of the nature of the compositions which are buried from modern criticism.

M. Berr has promised to gratify the literary world by the publication of a Rabbinical Anthology, in which we earnestly hope he will be encouraged to persevere.

ART. VIII.—*Tableau Historique et Politique, &c.*

Historical and political Picture of the Year 1806, preceded by a Coup d'Œil of the five first Years of the nineteenth Century. 8vo. Paris, 1807.

THIS volume comprises the history of France, from the accession of Buonaparte to the supreme power, till the end of 1806. This adventurer, hitherto perhaps the most distinguished for successful daring of all those who have figured in political history, after deserting his comrades in Egypt, landed at Frejus on the 9th of October, 1799. In the space of one little month, the tottering power of the directory fell to the ground, and Buonaparte, under the title of first Consul, had seized the reins of government. The first measures of his government were distinguished by acts of wisdom and moderation. He speedily pacified La Vendee, he closed the emigrant list, and soon after restored to their country classes of individuals who, whilst they might be useful to industry,

could not be just objects of jealousy or suspicion; and he offered peace to England in a letter to the King, which, whatever were the motives of the writer, was distinguished for liberal and enlightened sentiments. Would that these had been omens of a just, moderate, and humane policy! But a long contemplation of his wily and tortuous course has completely eradicated from our minds our original partiality; and has convinced us that selfishness, egotism, and vanity, are the ruling passions of his soul; that his moderation is at all times affected, that he goes straight forward to his ends wholly regardless of the morality of the means he makes use of, and that if he has been, or, in the hands of Providence, is about to be, in any case the instrument of good, he is the unwilling instrument, and forced either by the light of the times, or the necessities of his situation, to deviate from the propensities of an immoral and corrupted heart.

However, in this *tableau* all is smooth and smiling. His Majesty the Emperor and King is always the hero; wise, faithful, generous, beneficent, active, pacific; the Titus of his day, the *delicia generis humani*. To the enemies of France, and particularly to the *eternal enemies of the continent*, are owing all evils which have afflicted Europe. Every thing done by France is from pure and simple self-defence; every thing by her enemies is wanton and unprovoked aggression.

Certainly the year 1806, including in that period the latter months of 1805 and the beginning of 1807, must be ever memorable in the annals of French glory. Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Pultusk, and Friedland, bore witness to the wonderful superiority of the military genius of Buonaparte: Austria humbled, Prussia annihilated, and Russia terrified into submission, and an unnatural alliance within the short space of fifteen or sixteen months, were successes sufficiently splendid to dazzle stronger eyes than those of Frenchmen, and make them forget the acts of violence and injustice which had lighted the flames of war. But we need not follow this writer through the details of transactions so recent and so well known. We think it will be more amusing to lay before them the characters of one of our own warriors as drawn by the pen of an enemy.

Four Englishmen of great celebrity perished in the epoch, the events of which are comprised in this narrative; Lord Cornwallis, Lord Nelson, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox. The character of Lord Cornwallis is very fairly and justly appreciated; and it is well remarked, that

‘To a high personal consideration, to a military reputation sufficiently brilliant, acquired by his victories over Tippoo, was

joined the confidence inspired by the memory of his former administration; an administration of which the follies, the futile vanity, and the prodigality of the last governor, lord Wellesley, have doubtless not a little contributed to heighten the merit and the estimation.'

The principal features of the character of lord Nelson are delineated by the hand of a master; though the shading is too dark, and in some parts of the colouring we may observe strong marks of envy and malevolence. Nelson was on the ocean, what Buonaparte has been upon the land. It may be pardoned in the flatterers of the Corsican, if they cannot speak with complacency of the man who rivalled their master in celebrity, and who often thwarted his enterprises and humbled his pride. It is observed,

'As to the loss of lord Nelson, we think that men have fallen into the opposite extreme. I would say that this loss, though a real one for England, is nevertheless much below the idea that has been generally formed of it, since his military talents were below his reputation. Little genius, and that contracted; much character, much bravery, and still more presumption and pride; a vanity, carried sometimes to a ridiculous excess; views very confined for all the great combinations of war; but an extreme familiarity with, and complete knowledge of, all the details of naval tactics; a great boldness and great skill in manœuvring; finally the art, if not to make himself loved, at least to make himself feared and obeyed; and to inspire a confidence, and in the end an enthusiasm in his men; such were the principal traits which enlightened men, who have seen him closely, have given this character; and the principal events of his military life, coolly examined, lead nearly to the same conclusions. Beginning all his expeditions by errors, and faults of combination almost inconceivable, afterwards almost always repairing these faults by his activity, by the boldness and precision of his manœuvres, such is, in a word, the history of all his exploits. But we must except the attack of the Canary Islands, where not being able to remedy the defect of conduct and plan by the boldness of the effort, he was most completely defeated by the Spaniards, in August 1797, leaving a part of his men in the field, and himself losing an arm in the action.

'What most contributed to spread his fame through Europe, particularly among persons incapable of forming an opinion, except from events, was the victory of Aboukir. In truth, he displayed in that engagement all his distinguishing qualities; but he employed them only to correct his preceding faults; for whatever may be alleged in his favour, it will always appear strange, that he wandered about almost three months (from the middle of May to the 1st of August,) on a route so confined as that which leads from Toulon to Alexandria, without being able

to discover a fleet which covered the sea with its numerous transports.

‘Let me be permitted to enter into a short detail, in order to justify my opinion.

‘It was on the 9th of May that Lord St. Vincent detached Admiral Nelson from Cadiz to observe Toulon. He was driven from off the port by a gale of wind on the 17th, and the French sailed on the 19th, whilst he was on the coast of Sardinia. He set sail again on the 26th, and continued his cruise, without suspecting that the French could have gained the open sea, till the 11th of June, when he again appeared before Toulon. At length, undeceived, he directed his course to Messina, where he learnt on the 19th, that Napoleon Buonaparte was already master of Malta. It was on that very day that the general left it, and consequently the two fleets were at the same time, the English to the North, the French to the south of Sicily, as they had been separated by Sardinia fifteen days before, and had turned round that island without meeting. Nelson left Messina the 21st of June, stood straight for Egypt, where he arrived on the 28th, before the French fleet, the progress of which was embarrassed by an immense convoy. Informed that it had not yet appeared before Alexandria, he left the coast in order to go in quest of it, but he again missed it by standing to the west, whilst Admiral Bruix was lying a little to the north. After an useless cruise, on the 9th of July, he quitted the waters of Candia, arrived at Sicily on the 19th to re-victual, departed on the 24th, and at length re-appeared on the coast of Egypt on the first of August, fully determined to repair, cost what it would, the faults which he was sensible that he had committed. In truth, had he only detached some light vessels, first to the coast of Sardinia, next to that of Sicily, opposite to those he himself examined, it was almost impossible that the route of the French could escape him; and what will appear still more incontestible, if in place of quitting Alexandria to wander at hazard after the French, who arrived two days after his departure, he had waited for them patiently, how favourable would have been the chances offered him to attack a fleet encumbered with a prodigious number of transports, which it would have found the greatest difficulty in saving, even by sacrificing itself?’

These facts are, we believe unquestionable; but we are far from satisfied that the criticisms on Lord Nelson's conduct are well founded. He was cruising off Toulon; a violent gale of wind, we presume from the North East, blew him off the coast, the French took advantage of this accident, came out, and sailed on the opposite tack, or towards the east, and thus escaped his vigilance. This was probably inevitable. He was not really delayed off the coast of Sicily; and, therefore suffered nothing from want of light vessels on its eastern

coast. After all, he arrived at Alexandria before the French, a strong proof of his promptitude, activity, and sagacity. He erred, undoubtedly, in quitting his station. But could he avoid this error? Was he sure that Buonaparte did not intend to seize Candia, and if he erred, was his error as great as that of Buonaparte, in neglecting to occupy Sicily, an oversight which ruined his expedition, and for which he suffers to this day? And after all, does not this detractor from the fame of Nelson fall into the error which he charges upon his admirers, that of judging merely from events?

But to proceed—

‘We discover nearly the same faults, the same want of penetration, foresight, and conduct in his campaign of 1805. When he followed the French fleet, which he went in quest of to Egypt, whilst it was ravaging the English possessions in America; and at Trafalgar we find again the same man as at Aboukir, resolved to repair his error by a victory, or to expiate it with his blood. Certainly, such a resolution is that of a brave man; his manœuvres in the two battles were those of an experienced seaman; but his conduct viewed as a whole, was never that of a superior man.’

Posterity will, we doubt not, pronounce a different verdict. But we must conclude with observing, that the bulletins of Buonaparte, and other public reports, have furnished the principal contents of this volume. Of course, it is calculated for the meridian of Paris. Through it professes to give a sketch of all the principal occurrences since the elevation of Buonaparte to the consulship, we cannot find even the names of such men as Moreau, Pichegru, or the duke d’Enghien. But among the miseries entailed upon the human race, it is still a consolation that power has its natural limits. To every tyrant it may be said, thus far shalt thou go. The energies of Englishmen, however wretchedly they have been directed, are not extinct. The free press of England still exists. The voice of truth then cannot be stifled. We firmly believe that it is this which more appals Napoleon on his throne, than the hostility of our government, or even than the thunders of our navy.

ART. IX.—*Mémoires de Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, &c.*

Memoirs of the Marchioness de Pompadour, containing a Sketch of the History of the Regency, the Motives of the Wars, and Treaties of Peace, Embassies, Negotiations, with the different Courts of Europe, Secret Intrigues, Characters of the Generals and Ministers of State, the Cause of their Elevation, the Subject of their Disgrace, and in general all the most remarkable Transactions of the Court of France during the Reign of Louis XV. written by herself, and published by K. P. To which is added, her Correspondence with the Marshale de Saxe, the Duke de Boufflers, Marshale de Bellisle, M. d'Argenson, Count de Maurepas, the Duke de Nivernois, the Cardinal de Berrijs, the Marquis de Vaudière, the Duke de Mirepoix, the Duke de Richelieu, the Queen of Hungary, &c. Adorned with Portraits, 5 vols. 12mo. Paris. 1808.

FRENCH booksellers are not overburdened with modesty. Two volumes under the title of *Memoirs of Madame Pompadour (écrits par elle-même)* were published at Liege, in 1766. They contain much, but not all of the matter of the three first of these volumes. We have no external evidence of their authenticity, and the internal is not very strong.

Doubtless, the woman who had the power to retain a situation, the perpetual object of envy, jealousy, and competition, and who could rivet the chains of her royal slave by the fascination of her manners, even when unable to secure his fidelity to her person, such a woman may well be presumed capable of composing these volumes. But the following sentence, selected from many others to the same effect from the introductory pages, savours much more, we think, of the declamation of a Parisian scribbler, than of the unaffected elegance of M. Pompadour's genuine letters.

'In these memoirs, I shall attach myself principally to details, which concern the state, and I shall write rather the history of the reign of my august lover, than that of my private life; the favourite of a king is only for the age of the monarch; truth only is the property of all ages.'

Now these details of state affairs are just the things we do not want, nor extract from Madame Pompadour; whilst the history of her private life, as connected, at least, with the

great personages of her time, is the thing concerning which our curiosity pants to be gratified. But we will take for granted, that these pages are what they profess to be, and extract from them some account of the writer.

Mademoiselle Poisson was commonly thought to be the daughter of a kept woman, and of a farmer of La Ferté-sous-Jouame. Her father suffered condemnation for some offence, and absconded. In his absence, the mother fell under the protection of a farmer-general, Le Normand de Toumehem; to whose nephew M. Le Normand, signior of Etiole, she adroitly contrived to marry her daughter. It cannot be wondered at, if, with such examples before her eyes, the morals of Mademoiselle Poisson, were far from severe. With M. Le Normand she lived some years. He was sincerely attached to her, and at the same time had qualities, which ought to have secured a due return of her affection; his figure was agreeable;—he possessed youth, the graces, sense, and a good fortune. If this description of him comes from the pen of his wife, we should hope, in common charity, that the story told by the author of the *Vie privée de Louis XV.* of the wife having, as the first act of her power, procured the exile of such a husband, is an unfounded calumny.

However this be, power, had more charms for the wife of Le Normand than love. The gallantries of the king were much talked of, so that every woman with a handsome person and light manners aspired to the honour of receiving his embraces. The place of mistress was vacant, and our heroine (in common perhaps with fifty others) resolved, if possible to fill it. The eldest son of Louis, dauphin of France, was to be married to Maria Theresa, infanté of Spain. On this occasion brilliant fêtes were given in the capital, and in the other principal cities of the kingdom. Besides other entertainments and extraordinary spectacles at Paris, a ball was given at the Hotel-de-Ville, at which were present the new-married couple and the king. Here it was that the wife of Le Normand spread the net of her enchantments, and captivated the senses of the amorous monarch. The account of their interview is not unamusing.

‘An English country-dance, very pretty and executed by twenty girls, animated with pleasure and embellished with the freshness of youth, distracted the attention of the monarch, and effaced the impression received from the modern Diana. I took advantage of this circumstance, and seeing that the king had advanced to a little distance from his suite, I accosted him, I asked him a thousand questions, each more indiscreet than the former on the subject of his amours. Had he paid attention to

my discourse, he might easily have perceived the emotion of my soul. I was beside him—I inspired his breath—his words were just expiring upon my lips. He took hold of my hand—I took courage, and was restored to my natural gayety. I began to torment him; perhaps this moment was the first of my happiness. Having excited the curiosity of the king by my arts and conversation, pretending to yield to his importunities, I unmasked; but (I now confess) by a refinement of coquetry, I immediately precipitated myself among a group of people, but so that the king could not lose sight of me. I had a handkerchief in my hand; I let it fall; Louis picked it up with eagerness, and as I was beyond the reach of his arm, he threw it to me with the greatest courtesy. Immediately a confused murmur pervades the whole room: “*he has thrown the handkerchief,*” were the only words that ran from mouth to mouth. Madame de Rochebouart, and the ladies of the court, who aspired to triumph over his heart, became desperate, and I have the pride to believe, that from that moment I had no rival in the affections of the prince. But the dauphin and dauphiness approached. I took flight, carrying the mortal wound in my soul, and persuaded that the king would not quit the room, without having surrendered to the power of beauty. This idea tormented me; I entertained it with regret; I would willingly have banished it; but it perpetually recurred to torment me—and I quitted the scene still dear to my memory, fully resolved to pursue my designs.’

Fixed at length at Versailles, the following are her reflexions on the manners of the court.

‘I appeared for the first time at court. Books give us imperfect conceptions of what is passing on this great theatre. One must be an actor oneself, and bear a part in this long comedy to form an idea of the elements which compose it, and the varied and singular scenes with which it is filled. I thought that I truly saw mortals of a different species from the rest of mankind; the manners, usages, and customs, are not the same as in the capital. They dress, they talk at Versailles otherwise than at Paris. To perform well his part, a long habitude, a continued attention is necessary. Each courtier puts off his natural character, assumes another, by favour of which the skilful actor takes the place of the honest man; all is art and grimace; all is studied, even to a smile, or a look. It is a circle of hypocrisy, round which we must turn without ceasing. In the city, virtues and vices have but a little space; here both the one and the other occupy a vast field. The passions are the more active, as the means of gratification are the more ample. Interest, from which they receive all their activity, is here in its centre. The favour of the prince gives life to the soul of the courtier. He receives no other light than that which comes from the throne. In fine, the court is a vast field open to all intrigues, all cabals,

men rise and fall, they flatter and cringe, they are protectors and are protected, they hate and embrace, are attracted by a look and proud of a smile; this moment a man is banished, the next he is recalled. Intrigue is the substitute of talent, and impudence of merit. These are the lessons I have received from experience; but in the age of pleasure every thing appears charming; and the court seemed to me a scene of delights.

The character she gives of her royal slave is such as to prepossess us in favour of the man, whilst it excites our pity for the king.

‘Louis XV. has naturally much genius; his mind is lively, active, and penetrating; he sees at a glance all the springs which move the most complicated affairs, and he knows the weak parts of the general system, and the defects of each administration. This prince is born with a grand and noble soul. The blood of the legislator, of the hero, and the captain runs in his veins; but his niggardly education has destroyed the effect of these great virtues. The cardinal Fleury, a man of an ordinary stamp, had made him apply in his youth to little things; but nothing has been able to extinguish in him the most amiable qualities which can adorn a prince. The heart of Louis XV. is extremely good: he is humane, mild, affable, compassionate, just; a lover of rectitude, and the declared enemy of every thing which does not bear the character of honour and probity.’

But if the heart of this monarch was good, his constitutional disposition was most unhappy.

‘Louis XV. is naturally very low-spirited; his soul is enveloped in a thick cloud; a temperament of melancholy makes his days flow unhappily even in the bosom of pleasures: there are moments when his melancholy increases so much, that nothing can draw him out of this state of languor; then the burden of life becomes insupportable to him. The enjoyment of a handsome woman may indeed, for a time, dissipate his ennui; but it does not cure it; on the contrary, after possession, this monarch is more disposed than ever to sadness.’

In consequence of this, joined to his religious education, Louis XV. like his great grandfather, Louis XIV. was perpetually tormented by remorse of conscience at his course of life. One great advantage of mediocrity of fortune is that by diminishing the force of temptation, it is less difficult to controul passion, and to regulate the conduct by the dictates of reason and principle. The history of all despotic monarchs shows the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of doing this where there is no external motive to set against the power of unlimited gratification. No wonder then that princes in ge-

neral have continued attached to *la religion catholique apostolique Romaine*; in which the absolving power is the most charming device to give the liberty of enjoyment without running the hazard of damnation; and in which life may be comfortably employed in the alternate occupations of sinning and repenting. But conscience still can be but half quieted. Such was the state of mind of Louis.

‘There was another unhappiness attached to the days of this prince. Religion in him is continually at war with the passions. If pleasure attracts him on one side, remorse restrains him on the other; these contrasts render him the most unhappy man of his kingdom.’

Behold then the wife of the deserted and amiable Le Normand become the favourite mistress of the reigning monarch, and by possessing the art of providing for the amusement of his idle hours, dissipating his ennui, and making his time pass pleasantly, obtain a complete ascendancy over his mind. The consequence is obvious. She became the dispenser of favours. Generals, ministers, ambassadors, bishops, and archbishops were appointed by her; her smile was the road to promotion; her frown was the harbinger of ruin; in short, whatever could flatter vanity, or satisfy ambition, was at her command. Nor does she seem, upon the whole, greatly to have misused her power. But the reign of Louis XV. was inglorious. The long wars of his predecessor had exhausted the finances, and spread misery and depopulation through France, a country amply blest by the prodigality of nature. A general discontent was spread through all orders of men; and as wretchedness is ever seeking an object on which it may fix its resentments, the world was ready enough to charge all its sufferings on the mal-administration of government, consequent upon the evil influence of the favourite. To defend herself from the accusations of her enemies, M. de Pompadour (if indeed these memoirs are her’s) gives a sketch of the state of France from the death of Louis XIV.; in order that her readers may more clearly understand the origin of the misfortunes which formed the topics of general complaint during the time of her own exaltation. Her story is introduced by some anecdotes of the intrigues which tormented and embittered the last moments of that celebrated monarch. To this succeeds a view of the affairs of the regency of the duke of Orleans. But we must say that we do not find in this narration any thing that might not have been gathered from common sources of information. Among the anecdotes we find some which even ourselves recognize as old acquaintances.

As a history these memoirs are very defective and unsatisfactory; nor is the defect compensated by sprightly stories or amusing narrations. The familiar intercourse of real life is always interesting; and still more so, if the actors are of very exalted rank. The mind perhaps is pleased at discovering that those personages are in their every day-business obliged to speak, think, and act like ordinary mortals.

We meet, however, here and there with passages which interest us, particularly as setting in a strong point of view the unhappy result of recent measures. History speaks with an impartial voice, nor can we take a surer guide to judge of the policy of modern statesmen, than by attending to the sentiments of the statesmen of past ages. This reflection is forced upon us by the following remarks on the importance of Holland to Great Britain. They were made by the Marechal de Saxe, on the occasion of the peace of Aix la Chapelle; a peace by which the French monarch agreed to give up the Netherlands and Bergen-op-Zoom, which had been subdued by his arms. On this peace the Marechal observed,

'We were on the eve, after the battle of Fontenoy, of taking possession of Holland, and putting an end to that republic, which is a constant source of the divisions of Europe; for these merchants, with their riches and their marine, are constantly troublesome. They are the necessary allies of the English, our natural enemies. The great work of their destruction was almost finished; why was it not completed? If time is given to these republicans to fortify themselves, they will be as audacious and enterprising as formerly; and a day perhaps will come, when France, with all her forces, may not be able to obtain satisfaction from them. To destroy Holland is to cut off the right arm of England; and the council of France knows that to weaken the English ought to be the primary policy of the state.

'Of what use is the victory of Fontenoy? All these efforts of bravery, so many illustrious officers who have perished in the campaigns of Flanders, have been lost to no purpose. The places are to be given up, and the Hollanders and the house of Austria to be re-established on the same footing on which they were before the war; it would have been much better to have remained quiet. France, in restoring her conquests, has made war upon herself. It is her own victories which have ruined her. Her enemies have preserved the same degree of power; she alone is weakened. She has, at least, a million of subjects less, and her finances are nearly ruined.'

We fear it will be found too true, that the subjugation of the Low Countries and of Holland will prove the most mortal blow to the naval superiority of Great Britain. Without

these acquisitions, it is doubtful whether France could ever form a navy which could cope with that of this country. The naval victories of the present reign have been most destructive to our enemy's marine. But they are no more than a repetition of the scenes which have been acted in almost every French war that has taken place for the last two hundred years. During all this period, France has been struggling in vain to form a navy. No sooner had she built ships, so that her marine was becoming numerically formidable, than a war has broken out, England has every where attacked her with superior forces, the English prisons have become loaded with French sailors, and the whole business has been to begin afresh. During the American war only, has there been any thing like parity of force, and then the navies of France, Spain, and Holland were united. But it may be doubted, whether the complete possession of the Netherlands and Holland, will not make it impossible for England to maintain in future her numerical superiority of ships; and whatever may be the superiority of the skill of her officers, or the bravery of her seamen, (of which we think as highly as possible) the events, even of the present war, have shown that it is not thought safe to depend upon them when there is considerable disparity of force. What madness then was it in the administration of Mr. Pitt, to rush into a war, when France offered to renounce the Netherlands as the price of peace? to reject every offer of accommodation, even when the French had been expelled from the Netherlands by the victorious arms of the coalesced powers? By this obstinacy, the permanent policy of England was sacrificed to the passion of the moment. The fruits of the wisdom of William III. and the victories of Marlborough were renounced to combat a phantom. We believe that the error is seen and confest; and the unhappy expedition to Walcheren is a pretty strong proof (however we may use the language of confidence) that the government of the country has taken a serious alarm. And we believe too, that impartial posterity will never assign to the author of this calamity the title of enlightened statesman, or true friend to his country.

But the treaty of Aix la Chapelle was forced upon France by her internal debility. The general poverty was extreme; and, in consequence, misery and depopulation spread their ravages through the provinces. An intendant writes thus to the minister on this subject:

‘My Lord,

‘The subjects of the king diminish daily in this province. Soon it will be without inhabitants. I have ordered the parishes

priests to bring me the register of the baptisms and burials, and I find that the number of the latter are so excessive, that I have calculated that if this depopulation continues twenty years, and that God spares me during this time, I shall be the only person remaining in the province. Fifteen years before the last revolution of the finances, there were fifteen hundred thousand souls in this district; at present there are hardly nine hundred thousand. And how can it be otherwise, my lord? Of fifty of the king's subjects, there are hardly two, who have any thing to live upon; they must of necessity famish. No one any longer marries; debauchery only gives birth to children.'

This picture may be overcharged; but we have no doubt, in spite of the exceptions which may occasionally occur from a forced and unnatural position of things, that peace and plenty, war and famine, will ever be found united in the relation of cause and effect.

There was a great poverty of military genius during the reign of Louis XV. The noblesse had become almost wholly corrupted by indolence, luxury, and dissipation. They spent their days in hunting upon their estates, or ruined themselves at Paris with actresses and opera girls. They shrunk with horror from the fatigues and toils inseparable from a military life. Promotion was given not to service, but to family and favour. A stripling became a colonel, when he should have been an ensign, and in consequence a very few years made him a general. Under such a system it was hardly possible to expect great commanders; and a species of necessity forced the government to confide the French armies to foreigners. The Marechals de Saxe and de Lowendahl were the chief pillars on which rested the glory of the French arms; without them the enemy, perhaps, would have laid siege to Paris. Those two men seemed formed for each other. The Marechal de Saxe was the superior genius; the heroic virtues of Lowendahl received their lustre from the great talents of de Saxe. But if we may trust to the account given of the latter in these pages, the marechal was a hero only in the field of battle. This is not improbable. Many men of the most exalted genius seem not in the common occurrences of life above the common level; perhaps they have neglected the talents of expression and conversation; perhaps by concentrating and directing the mental energies to a certain range of objects, there may be a real inferiority with regard to common matters, but often the defect is in the penetration of the observer: somewhat of a kindred spirit is requisite to comprehend and to appreciate the powers of genius.

Our readers may, perhaps, find some amusement in the following account of this great man :

‘The death of Marechal de Saxe caused a suspension in the amusements of the court. I remember a man of talents who was in my apartment at the time when the account of his death was received, said to me, “Madam, we shall soon have war; for of all the generals of the king of France, the king of Prussia feared only the Marechal de Saxe.”

‘The frequent conversations of Louis XV. with this hero, gave me the opportunity of studying his character. It is a pleasure to be acquainted with great men. The mind of the marechal was of a peculiar stamp. All the private actions of his life were those of an ordinary man; he was never great but on the day of action; then his soul, if I dare use the expression, changed its character, it became grand, noble, and magnanimous; a new light pervaded his mind, and made him see every thing at the first glance. His imagination was without employment, the military genius which agitated him was equal to every thing; but after the battle, this fine spirit seemed again extinct, there remained in him nothing of grandeur, but the report of his actions.

‘In private life, he gave into the lowest excesses of liquor; without any taste for that refined love which distinguishes elevated minds from the vulgar; he knew no other pleasure in the society of women than that of debauch. No passions worthy of a hero were ever discovered in him. He was followed by a seraglio composed of common women.* All his mistresses were no better than prostitutes. Whilst he astonished Europe by his victories, an actress, of the name of *La Favart*, agitated his heart by her gallantries.

‘Those who saw him often have said of him that he was master of no science. He knew nothing but war, and that he knew without ever having learnt it. It was pretended some time after, that his death had caused a change in all the systems of Europe, and that the king of Prussia would, in truth, never have renewed the war, had Maurice been alive. It is certain, that a single man may change the face of our political world.

‘I have read in the original memoirs of the reign of Louis XIV. surprising revolutions caused by the ascendant of a single man. The Marechal de Saxe had laboured all his life with indefatigable ardour to acquire a tranquillity which he never enjoyed. Scarcely had he arrived to the height of greatness, to which his

* It would be unjust to put in the number of those contemptible objects, one of our most celebrated actresses, Mademoiselle Adrienne-le-Couvreur; who, understanding that Maurice was in want of a supply of men and money, pawned her jewels and wardrobe to assist her lover, and sent him a sum of forty thousand livres.

talents for war had raised him, than death precipitated him into the tomb. The king had given him a royal house, as a recompense for his services. He possessed large revenues, and enjoyed all the dignities with which a mortal can be clothed.

'This general died covered with a glory which could not be contested. Even his enemies allowed that he possessed very superior talents for war. But if his genius did much for France, France did still more for him. He was never suffered to want for any thing. The peers (bankers of the court) always supplied him abundantly with whatever was necessary; he fought with numerous armies, in a country which has been at all times the theatre of the conquests of France, and that of the glory of the French name. Maurice commanded the best of the king's troops, who were burning with impatience to signalize themselves by victories. I have heard it observed, by an intelligent man of the profession, that a hero ought to pass through all the paths of the military career, which lead to glory. The court of France opened but a single road to Maurice: he was never put to the proofs, which, forcing a commander to display all his powers, decide the character of the general. This man, with whose name all Europe resounded, and at whom a portion of it trembled, compared his life, when dying, to a reverie. *M. de Senac*, said he, *I have had a fine dream*. Maurice de Saxe had been brought up in the protestant religion, and died in that communion.'

The correspondence is contained in the two last volumes of the collection; and it is by far the most interesting part of the whole. Of the authenticity of this part of the work, we feel no suspicion; for though the letters are destitute of all support from extraneous evidence, yet the matter, style, and circumstances, under which they assume to be written, are sufficiently conformable to the laws of probability; and in this case, we seek not for additional support from the testimony of others. The letters of Madame Pompadour are certainly not written with that grace, simplicity, and vivacity, which constituted the charm of Madame de Sevigné's, but still they show the writer to have been a polished and accomplished woman, of no mean talents, and (her foibles apart) not without estimable qualities. Her affection to her daughter, (not the child of Louis) and her brother, shews her to have been alive to the feelings of nature; and gives us reason to believe that, had not her ambition driven her out of her proper sphere, she might have been a good wife and a respectable woman. To her daughter she writes thus:

'I have received a letter which greatly afflicts me on your account. They tell me that you are haughty and imperious to your companions, and that you begin to be very intractable. Why do you afflict the heart of your mother? Why do you

force her to the sad necessity of complaining? How often have I recommended to you to be mild, affable, and modest, as the only means to be pleasing to God and man! Have you so soon forgotten my lessons? Will you force me to blush for you? I hope that you will change your manners, both for my sake and your own. No airs of greatness; they are becoming to no one, and still less to you than to others. If I have educated you like a princess, remember that you are far from being one. The fortune, that has raised me, may change, and make me the most miserable of women. Then you would be like myself, nothing at all. Adieu, my dear child, you know that I breathe only for you, and that it is for you that I value life. If you promise amendment, I pardon and embrace you.'

But Madame Pompadour seems sometimes to have really thought herself a princess, or something still higher. It is amusing to see her assume the tone of royalty, so that we presume (if we did not know it from recent experience) that it is no difficult thing to act a part in this comedy. *My brother, and my cousin, and the love we bear to our faithful subjects, &c. &c.* exact more command of countenance than of understanding. To Stahremburg, the Austrian ambassador, she gravely writes:—

'I have all the esteem for you, which is due to the minister of a great queen, whose confidence you merit by your integrity and talents. The zeal which you shew in bringing to a conclusion the important negociation at present under discussion, claims the acknowledgments of your country and those of France. For more than three hundred years the august houses of Austria and France have been enemies; the cardinal de Richlieu contributed to exasperate their animosities. Their interests have been opposed to each other; but they are about to be united,' &c. &c.

Does Buonaparte act the emperor with more dignity than Pompadour did the queen?

Some facts may be collected from these letters which may not be useless to history; and which an Englishman would do well to weigh in forming an estimate of the spirit which has usually actuated their own government. One of the constant reproaches cast upon us by the French, is that we are the *eternal enemies of the continent*; that we embroil them in war to promote our selfish mercantile speculations. We are sorry to say that this charge is greatly confirmed by some facts we here meet with, as far as concerns the origin of the war of 1756, which succeeded the treaty of Aix la Chapelle. In that war England appears to have been completely the aggressor, and for no important national purpose whatever. The French king was averse to war, the ministry was unpre-

pared, and their ambassador completely deceived. The evidence of manifestoes amounts to nothing. But the confessions of the ambassador himself (the duke de Mirepoix) the complaints of how much he had been duped, and the testimony of M. Pompadour, of the reluctance of Louis to engage in war, seem decisive of the question. Add to this, the frivolous nature of the protests. Claims upon the wilds of Canada, where each party had already more lands than they could cultivate, were the worthy occasion of setting all Europe in a flame.

‘The treaty of the Ohio,’ says Mirepoix, ‘the occasion of the present troubles, is not probably an object of a thousand pistoles a year, and as much clamour has been excited, as if we wished to usurp all the commerce of the English colonies.’

This war too, like most others, was begun by the English, by seizing on the merchant-men of the enemy without any previous notice, or declaration of war. War itself is so violent an outrage upon justice, that a little more or a little less iniquity, is such a trifle, as hardly to weigh a feather in the balance. But as this custom has always been protested against by the other belligerents, and hitherto in vain, was Buonaparte wrong in exercising the same power against the subjects of his enemy upon land! Is there any apology which may be made for the one, which could not be with equal justice applied to the other? We say this, not to extenuate the guilt of Buonaparte, whom we regard as a systematic enemy to the liberties of mankind; but to excite us to look well to the morality of our own conduct.

We shall make a few extracts from the letters, for the entertainment of our readers. Speaking of the court, M. Pompadour says,

‘When I consider the meanness, impertinence, and fawning character of most courtiers, I find there is a great difference between great men and great lords. The latter I despise and I am heartily sick of them; of the others I am not sick; but they are rare, and I hardly see them. I pity the lot of kings, surrounded as they are by their gilded apes, as vile and as mischievous as those of Angola. Courts, which the foolish vulgar look up to with so much envy, ought only to excite compassion. The other day, the Abbé de la Tour du Pin, the favourite preacher of our pretty women, came to see us at Versailles. Being asked what brought him there, *I have, says he, a description of Paradise to make, and I come here to take memorandums.* Poor man! if an excess of the most fatal and meanest passions, envy, hatred, rage, despair, if the furies and crimes of ambition can give an image of Paradise, he may come here every day.’

We fear that the picture M. Pompadour has drawn belongs to human nature, and is by no means confined to courts. Envy, hatred, rage, and despair, may be found too plentifully in every street, and as much servility, meanness, flattery, cringing, and lying behind every shop counter, as at the premier's levee. But a truce to moralizing. M. Pompadour gives a pleasant commission to the duke de Ninervois, ambassador at Rome.

'The nuns of St. Cyr request me to obtain for them the body of a saint to place in a new chapel which they have just built. Will you have the goodness, M. le duc, to take charge of this good work? The court of Rome is not parsimonious of this sort of presents, and will willingly accommodate you; but have great care not to send to these good souls a saint with two left legs, like the St. Ovide of the Capuchins. I can hardly refrain from laughing, while I am writing this: it is a pleasant commission for an ambassador and a philosopher.'

She then proceeds—

'The clergy of France become more and more turbulent: if they had the power, they would renew the *dragonnings* of Louis XIV. But, thank heaven, our very christian king is neither a devotee nor a persecutor; he has, says he, no power over consciences, and wishes for none. For my part I hate intolerant priests, and if I were a sovereign, I should persecute none but persecutors.'

We find in a letter to the celebrated Montesquieu, the following sentiments:

'You say that it is impossible that the christian religion can subsist longer in Europe than five hundred years. It is true that the majority of priests, by their ambition and intolerance, do all they can to destroy it. The world has been a long time blind; but it begins to have eyes, and to make use of them. But I fear that philosophers, who see twice as far as others, are too zealous on this occasion.

'The christian religion is true, holy, and consoling; it ought by no means to be destroyed, though its abuses should be reformed; cut off the useless branches, but leave the trunk untouched. I have sometimes heard speak of the English quakers; I like not their belief, that they are inspired by the Holy Ghost to talk nonsense in their assemblies; but I admire their wisdom in having got rid of priests. Religion is good; it is only its ministers which are often bad. It will soon be ridiculous, they say, to be a christian; if this should happen, it will be their fault. Besides this, I see every day that the Roman Catholic religion makes bad subjects, by acknowledging a foreign power as superior to that of the state. Our bishops are not Frenchmen, but subjects of the pope.

'A practice which displeases me in our religion, but which still deserves respect, is confession. How can one speak openly to a stranger, who is perhaps laughing at you, and who is probably as great a sinner as yourself. The fasts, which are ordained, do not agree with me better; it is the concern of the physician. It is very good against intemperance; but I much doubt whether a knave, that has fasted, is more agreeable to God than an honest man who has had a good dinner. I go sometimes to sermons, and they give me the vapours; these holy harangues produce a thousand fanatics, but never make a single good man. As to sermons of morality, they are good, but of no use; to what end would you exhort an Englishman to become humble, or a farmer-general to become disinterested? One may as well say to a sick man, sir, I request you to have no more fever. The vices are diseases of the mind; they will never be cured by sermons.'

The following presents an extraordinary trait of insolence and meanness in a prince :

'They were playing last night in the king's apartment, who was a considerable winner; but a scene was acted, which gave me much displeasure. He had before him a large heap of gold; by accident the sleeve of his coat threw down a louis d'or, and the king stooped to pick it up. The prince de ***, who was his partner, and who remarked his action, throws down an hundred on purpose, and disdains to pay any attention to them. My cousin, said the king, why do you not pick up your money? It is a mere trifle, answered his highness, it is for the servants. His majesty felt keenly this piece of satire, and left off playing. Yet no one knows better than this very prince, that the king neither is nor can be covetous. Not a fortnight ago the king paid all his debts, which amounted to more than a million, when he had credit with nobody but his pastry-cook. But it little concerns him to be ungrateful, provided he can say a severe thing.'

M. Pompadour ridicules our practice of ordering fasts, to beseech the Deity to be on our side, whether right or wrong. Is it not high time to discontinue a custom which tends to bring religion into contempt? Where is the humiliation of eating eggs and salt-fish once a twelvemonth instead of beef and pudding? If we are to fast, let us really go without our dinners; it may be good for our healths now and then, and, if so, we doubt not that it is agreeable to the Deity.

'I have received this morning,' writes the marchioness to the duke de Boufflers, 'a fine and important letter from you, and another from Holland. I am told that the English have just ordered a public fast, to obtain the divine blessing upon their arms. I know not if battles are gained by fasts; but this I know, that

to please God, we ought not to commit injustice nor to associate him in our crimes. I will not fast for the prosperity of France, but I will recommend it to the justice of heaven, and the arms of our soldiers. M. de Turenne said that God was always for the largest squadrons; therefore, as heaven is deaf to the prayers of the weak, we should take care to have a good army, and to place over it a better general than the duke of Cumberland, who, as I am assured, is to be sent against us.

Whatever may have been the faults of this celebrated woman, she seems to have supported her station with dignity and consistency, and was herself all but a queen. Poets, orators, generals, ministers, and even queens and empresses, corresponded with her, courted her, and flattered her; and she received their homage with all the dignity of an equal. If princes must have mistresses, let them at least be such as will not degrade them in the eyes of the world. In these pages we meet with nothing that is low or disgusting; and think that had Madame de Pompadour been contented to move in her natural sphere, she would have been a comfort to her friends, an ornament to society, and would have experienced a degree of solid happiness and tranquillity, which was denied to her elevated station, and which it is not in the power of rank or splendour to impart.

ART. X.—*Mémoires de la Comtesse de Lichtenau, écrites par elle-même, &c.*

Memoirs of the Countess of Lichtenau, written by herself; containing secret Anecdotes of the Court of Prussia: to which are added, Letters of Lord Bristol, of Sir Arthur Paget, of Sir William and Lady Hamilton, of Lady Templetown, of the Chevalier de Saxe, M. Miceli, the celebrated Lavater, &c. &c. Translated from the German. 2 Vols. 12mo. Colburn, 1809.

IT is a constant symptom attendant on the decay of empires, that individuals are loaded with the blame which men are too interested or too cowardly to attribute to the true causes, to constitutional defects or the vices of administration. When the sovereign himself, or any other persons peculiarly distinguished by his confidence high in authority, suffer themselves to be governed by mistresses or other unworthy favourites, the state is certain of receiving some injury from the vicious connection; but then the people have the means of

redress in their own hands; and if they fail to exert them, it is their own imbecility, their own corruption, their own carelessness, with respect to their first and dearest interests, which they will have to thank for all the calamities that may ensue from a profligate system of government. They may afterwards amuse themselves and the world with pouring out all manner of declamatory abuse, and inventing all sorts of calumnious falsehood to blacken the characters, whose infamy consists only in a participation of the general corruption; but the philosopher will but pity their self-complacent blindness; while he reflects that those who had neither the virtue nor the courage to save themselves, were not worthy of salvation.

Whether the countess de Lichtenau was, or was not, guilty of all or any of the crimes imputed to her by a multitude of mushroom writers, to whom the late overthrow of the Prussian empire has given birth, is a question to which readers of this country must, upon the whole, be very indifferent; but it is not of equal indifference to them to know that neither the depravity of the mistress, nor the folly of the sovereign, could have caused the downfall of the state. It is to the original vice of an unjust, a partial, and arbitrary constitution, to the long impunity of an interested, selfish, and narrow-minded government, to the general licentiousness of the great, and the universal apathy of the people. It is to these causes, and to these alone, that can justly be attributed the present abject condition, not of Prussia only, but, of every state and empire throughout Europe, which has bowed the neck before the usurping dominion of France. Even yet, if a time should arrive when the *people*, the despised, insulted, and calumniated *people*, shall be re-animated by any thing like a general, extensive and enlightened spirit, even the vast machine of Buonaparte's tyranny, supported as it is on foundations the most apparently durable, and maintained in action by resources the most incalculable, must crumble away and moulder into dust.

If Europe to herself would be but true,
Not France nor all the world can make her rue.

Having thus stated our opinion that, as a public question, in any degree influencing the political fate of Prussia, it is altogether indifferent whether the mistress of Frederick William II. was, or was not, a depraved and worthless character, whether she did, or did not, influence the councils, and direct the armies of her country, we shall now consider the volumes before us as containing the defence of an individual, against a vast variety of malicious and virulent accusations; and in this light we shall say that, as far as it is possible to be satisfied

by an *ex parte* statement, we are upon the whole favourably inclined towards the countess de Lichtenau.

The writer, whose attack seems to have chiefly excited her to the resolution of a public resistance, is a certain M. de Koelln, author of a performance entitled *Lettres Confidentielles*, whom she represents as the most inveterate, and most lying, of all her accusers. It is to the statements in this work, as comprehending almost all the charges, false or true, of her other enemies, that she principally limits her defence. The others which she notices by name, are 'The Gallery of Prussian Characters,' 'A Character of Frederick William III. by M. W.—' The 'Tableau Historique et Politique,' &c. of M. Segur, a book entitled 'Biographie Moderne, de tous qui sont marqués à la fin du dix-huitième siècle, & au commencement de celui-ci, par leurs écrits,' &c. &c. &c.—'Annales de la Monarchie Prussienne'—and a few others of less importance. Some of these works have been noticed by us in former volumes of this Review, to which we must refer our readers for a general estimate of their character and merits. That of M. Segur is the performance of an intelligent, though in many respects prejudiced and partial Frenchman, and is alone, perhaps, likely to outlive the present generation.

The first falsehood which Madame de Lichtenau notices, (certainly with considerable resentment, though with affected good humour, and which, like the opprobrious term, 'B——,' to Mrs. Wild, is more constantly present to her recollection, than any other insult or calumny whatever) is the original rank assigned her by all her different biographers, of 'A Fruit Girl.' (*Marchande de citrons*, and in another place, *mar-chande de legumes*.) Now, as Madame de Lichtenau has undoubtedly a better right to know who her parents were, and what her origin, than any one of her historians, we can have no objection to credit her own statement, that her family was good and respectable. Those, however, who are old-fashioned enough to believe that even the protection of a prince cannot justify the abandonment of female honour, would probably judge the weakness of the young Mademoiselle de Rietz (her maiden name) more excusable in a retailer of oranges and lemons, than in the daughter of a gentleman. For ourselves, we are not the severe censors of human frailty, and only mean to remark, that the mistress of Frederick William ought rather to be pleased than offended, by a mistake which is clearly calculated to extenuate the guilt, whatever it may be, of her first failure.

As the *chère amie* of the prince-royal, Mademoiselle de Rietz, so far from enjoying any enviable portion of dignity

or affluence, was (if we are to believe her statement) kept in a state of dependence, and even of occasional want, from which her protector, however willing, was perhaps unable to elevate her, being himself in a situation hardly superior to that of the menial officers about the court. Even after she was publicly acknowledged as the royal mistress, her revenue does not seem to have been very ample; never (we are told) bearing any proportion to the finances enjoyed by the court favourites of *more civilized nations*. Her title of countess was not only not sought by her, but upon its being communicated to her when at Pymont, that it had been her royal protector's pleasure to advance her to the rank of nobility, she sincerely lamented the mistaken kindness which had thus rendered her the more obnoxious to the assaults of 'envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.' Her friends and relations, however benefited occasionally out of her own private means, were, in no instance, promoted to offices of public trust, or made pensioners upon the public funds at her solicitation. As far as her connexion with the king relates personally to himself, she was the tender and affectionate mistress of his youth, the faithful and unaltered friend when in the progress of his life the habits of debauchery had divided his attentions between herself and a variety of other women. In her conduct towards her less worthy rivals, she was discreet, temperate, and obliging. The queen herself distinguished her, by marks of her peculiar favour, in consequence of her perseverance in a line of behaviour so modest and unassuming. To conclude, when the approach of death had subdued all the more violent and disgraceful passions and propensities of his nature, Frederick William reposed on her alone as his best friend and comforter, and breathed his last under her care, almost within her arms. Of this event, so fatal in its sequel to the countess de Lichtenau, the reader will not be displeased, perhaps, at having her own account.

'I return now, for the last time to M. Koelln, but what a long and painful course remains for me to run! It is not enough then for him to attack with other writers my connection with the king! he pursues me even into the prison where I have been shut up; he scrutinizes my private life as a wife, and the last sentence he pronounces against me, is a more revolting infamy than all the others. It is not till after the most violent conflicts, that I have been able to regain that calmness, which is so necessary for me to reply to such horrors. I beseech my readers to lend me all their attention, and not to judge between M. Koelln and me, till they have heard what I have to say. I am going to begin at page 103—I shudder!—courage! "*It was the morning on which the king breathed his last. His favourites abandoned him*

to those mercenary hands that attended him in his illness. The night preceding his death, La Lichtenau returned early to Charlottenbourg. She slept there tranquilly; and the next day, when she awoke, coldly asked how he had passed the night.—She remained all this time at the *Hôtel des Gentilshommes*.”

‘What an abominable passage! but without doubt it appeared full of eloquence to M. Koelln, since it procures him the pleasure of plunging a poniard into the heart of an unfortunate woman. What feeling reader will not shudder with me? To recal to my mind the last moments of my best friend, of my august benefactor, is to tear open afresh all the wounds in my soul. But what do I say? the remembrance of this fatal event, cruel as it is, is still less so, than the frightful circumstances with which M. Koelln accompanies it, representing me as the most insensible of women, the most ungrateful of creatures; saying, that I have abandoned my friend, my benefactor, upon his death-bed; that my sleep has been tranquil, and that at my waking I have coldly asked, how he had passed the night! Great God—Give me strength to relate this melancholy catastrophe.

‘It is entirely false, that the king was abandoned to mercenaries—his afflicted friends were in the apartments next to his, ready to receive his orders; but he did not have them called. It was at Venice that I received the afflicting news of the king’s illness—he begged me instantly to hasten my return—I set off immediately; I came with the greatest diligence; and, at my arrival at Charlottenbourg, I found him already extremely altered. During eighteen months that his complaint lasted, with very few interruptions, I never quitted him a single instant; and, since the 26th of September, 1797, that he went to Potsdam, till the 16th of November, (a day so fatal for me) I was always seen at his bed-side—with the exception of the time I took by his orders, to make two journeys to Berlin, to seek for remedion in his private medicine chest.

‘The 15th of November, at half-past eight in the evening, the king felt himself much worse, and had a strong hæmorrhage. I at first did all that I could to stop with my handkerchief the blood that ran in great abundance; and I called *le Conseiller intime*, Selle, who was in the next room. M. Selle desired me to recall my senses and arm myself with courage, saying, that the king was in his last moments—he had already forewarned me six weeks before (in the presence of *le Conseiller intime* Brown) that the state his majesty was in, admitted of no hope. Though I ought thus to have been for a long time prepared for this fatal event, I was so struck with the last words of M. Selle, that, in my despair, and without knowing what I did, I ran like a mad-woman into the garden, and walked about with hurried steps. My femme de chambre, Henrietta Pløger, seeing the frightful condition to which grief and horror had reduced me, had me immediately conveyed home. They put me to bed. M. Selle was called, he ran and sent an express to the town for some mee

dicines which he had not foreseen would be necessary. When, after a long fainting fit, I began again to see the light, I signified to M. Selle the desire I had, to return to the king—he ordered me not to do any thing, and above all to remain in bed. An hour was scarcely passed, when I sent him word, that nothing should any longer keep me back, and I would absolutely see the king—they brought me, as his answer, that his majesty was asleep; and to every message that followed, I received the same answer. They even told me the last time, that the king had passed a good night, and that he found himself a little better—a deceitful illusion by which they wished to keep me from seeing him again. Soon after I saw my mother, my son, his governor Colonel Dampmartin, and Mademoiselle Chapuis, enter, bathed in tears.—All my blood froze in my veins, and I could scarcely stammer out a few words—but I felt a quick revolution within me. I recover my strength, I jump from my bed, and fly to the window—no longer is there any doubt—the king is no more! the guard, assembled, go slowly toward the palace to render the last honours to his inanimate remains—I shriek; my knees tremble; and I fall overcome with grief.—My mother kneeling near me, exclaims, “Yes, my daughter, Frederick the Second has ceased to live; but he is there (pointing to Heaven) there where all human miseries are ended.” It is in this height of despair, in the midst of my relations and friends, that Colonel Zastrow and Major Kliest come to tell me that the new king had given them orders to arrest me.

With regard to the more personal and offensive calumnies which the countess charges to the malicious invention of her enemies, there is no room here to enter into the detail of them. The accusation of profligacy and abandonment of life and manners she answers, in the most satisfactory manner in which it can be answered, by giving (as she says) a faithful description of the life she actually led; a description in which there is much of elegance, and sense, and refinement—certainly nothing approaching to a substantiation of the charge against her. The cruel and disgusting charge of administering to the king's pleasures by promoting his designs on other women after he became sated with herself, she glances at only to deny it with a degree of abhorrence which we really believe to be the result of a clear conscience. There are passages, not only in her defence, but in the letters subjoined, which leave us inclined to suspect that after Frederick William had given repeated instances of infidelity towards her, she was not always so scrupulous as not to retaliate. But when we state this as our *suspicion*, we must add, that there is in the conduct and language of foreigners, with regard to matters of gallantry, a certain latitude which renders it extremely hazardous for an

Englishman to judge of the real extent to which they mean to be understood; and being, on the whole, very charitably inclined towards the fair writer of these memoirs, we would by no means assert any fact which she has not expressly acknowledged, without better proofs than any that the present publication has afforded us.

Madame de Lichtenau's great favour with Frederick William raised against her, during his life-time, a host of enemies. The malignity of their hatred she would fain ascribe principally to the unlucky title which had been bestowed upon her, and which, as an honour unprecedented in the court of Prussia, had embittered the minds of all the real as well as all the would-be nobility to her destruction. Nothing can exceed the outrageousness of the falsehoods which these persons fabricated against her, and with which they filled the mind of the prince who succeeded to the throne. Among other things, they endeavoured to persuade him, and the rest of the world, that Madame de Lichtenau was herself deeply initiated in the dangerous mysteries of the *illuminés*; and that she was a principal agent in all their nefarious projects, to inveigle and corrupt the weak understanding of her sovereign and benefactor. One of the ridiculous stories, propagated on this subject, and retailed by M. Koelln, she exposes with merited ridicule, and firmly denies all participation in the crimes thus imputed to her.

That the easy temper of the king was grossly practised upon by impostors, who made their advantage of his credulous superstition, has been so often repeated, both in history and romance,* that we can have little doubt of its being to a certain extent the fact; at the same time, that the natural propensity of mankind to swallow every thing that comes before them clothed in the attractive garb of mystery, has undoubtedly been the means of enlarging most romantically upon the truth of whatever regards the pretended secrets of *illumination*. We are inclined to credit both the sense and honesty of Madame de Lichtenau to the full extent of her assertions; that she was neither the instrument, nor the victim, of any deceits of this nature.

However this may be, the impressions made on the prince royal to the prejudice of the countess, were so strong, that immediately on the death of her protector, she was put under arrest, and imprisoned in the fortress of Glogau, in Silesia.

* See, particularly, Schiller's "Ghost-Seer," the circumstances of which are of such a nature, that it is hardly possible not to believe them in some degree founded in fact.

Her confinement does not seem to have been accompanied with any further marks of severity, nor was it of very long duration. Sometime afterwards, she applied for, and obtained, the royal permission to bestow her hand on M. Holbein, an Austrian gentleman of some rank and fortune, but a wild and eccentric character, of whose heart her charms made an absolute conquest, while in her state of banishment and disgrace. This marriage and its unfortunate consequences (consequences which, according to Madame de Lichtenau's account, can attach no sort of blame to herself) afforded fresh food for malignant calumny, the refutation of which employs a great part of the present publication. But we have not leisure (nor, if we had, would it afford much amusement to our readers) to enter into any particulars respecting this part of her history.

Madame de Lichtenau has evinced herself to possess no ordinary share of sense and talents—if any credit is to be given to her statement, she has the superior qualities of a feeling and generous mind. We cannot be competent judges as to the sufficiency, in all points of her defence; but that she has been most slanderously injured we cannot doubt, nor, that whatever may have been the guilt incurred during her days of prosperity, she has been visited to the full extent by that most grievous of earthly punishments, evil report.

The letters, which form the contents of the second volume, are interesting, some, on account of the favourable light in which they set the character of her to whom they are addressed, others for the sake of the writers. But the reader will in vain expect to derive either from them, or from the memoirs which precede them any fund of 'secret anecdote,' or court history, which the title-page seems to promise. The most amusing of them are those which she received from that most eccentric character, the late *reverend* earl of Bristol. This noble prelate appears to have formed his acquaintance with her during a short residence which she made (in her days of prosperity) at Naples. A most determined free-thinker as to religion, violent to an extreme in political opinions, and in the friendships and enmities to which they gave birth, enthusiastic in project, wild in fancy, of poignant wit and satire, of unbounded generosity as to money, and of a warm, though capricious, benevolence of temper; all these qualities are displayed in the short correspondence here presented to us. Of his passion for the sex, Madame de Lichtenau professes herself unable to speak. He was already past seventy when she first knew him; and we may believe her when she says, that whatever may have been the follies of his youth, and however

he may then have been the adorer of female charms, 'il ne fut, à soixante quinze ans, que le simple admirateur de ses vertus.' His greatest eulogium, she observes, may be found in a speech commonly attributed to him: '*Il ne faut absolument trouver des malheureux pour en faire des heureux.*'

The 23d and 24th numbers in the collection, contain the lively and romantic, but seriously intended, proposal of a tour in Egypt, in which he invites the countess to accompany him. We shall give our readers the last of these, in the original French, by way of example, of the usual style of his correspondence.*

'Marburg sur la Drave, 20 Mars, 1797.

'Chère amie et adorable comtesse, enfin je trouve le comte de Cassis, cet homme si intéressant pour l'Égyptomanie dont je suis dévoré et dont je ne démords pas, et qui, loin de me guérir de mon affection, me la fait prendre pour médecine et non pour maladie. Cet homme, donc, chère amie, est un millionnaire, avec tous les sentimens probes et les manières suaves d'une personne qui aurait hérité de sa fortune immense au lieu de l'avoir acquise. Né à Damas, en Syrie, il a passé trente-cinq ans de sa vie noble comme utile dans la capitale de l'Égypte, le Grand-Caire: là, il a exercé, avec autant de réputation que de profit, le charge de Grand-Douanier ou Contrôleur-général des finances. Treize ans il a resté dans cette charge lucrative, et n'en est sorti que parcequ'on a voulu l'élever à une autre plus considérable en vérité, mais moins sûre. L'empereur Léopold a trouvé le secret de le retenir dans ses états, au moyen des agaceries les plus répétées, comme les plus délicates. Il a acheté de l'ancienne ville d'Aquilée, où, au moyen de vastes dessèchements et de chemins publics, il a démontré ce problème intéressant: "True self-love and social are the same." C'est à dire l'amour de la patrie et le véritable amour-propre est une et la même chose que république, une et indivisible.—Cet homme, donc, ne pouvant être mon Cicerone, se constitue mon protecteur dans ce nouveau monde, mon ange Gabriel pour me faire entrer et jouir de ce paradis terrestre.—Il m'accompagne de lettres incommensurables, adressées à ses amis; ces dépendants, et ses commerçants; et m'assure que rien en Europe n'approche des délices d'un voyage, sur le Nil pendant huit mois de l'année.

'Que les campagnes paraissent vêtues d'un printemps non interrompu, que la pluie ne s'y connaît point, que les bains parfumés sont la seule médecine dont on a besoin pour dégraisser le corps.—Que la volaille, le gibier, et même la viande de la boucherie sont d'un goût exquis, à cause des plantes odoriférantes

* Most, if not all, the letters in this volume we understand to have been composed in the language in which they now appear.

qui parfument toute l'atmosphère.—Que les vins de France et de la Grèce, et surtout ceux de Chypre, y sont excellents et profitent infiniment du climat.

Que la vie y est si saine et si longue, que si on ne meurt point dans son enfance, il est rare de ne pas attraper l'âge de cent ans, et que dans le Grand-Caire plusieurs arrivent jusqu'à cent vingt.—Qu'avec un voyage de quelques mois au lac de Menzaleh, où l'air est supérieurement embaumé, on est sûr de revenir avec une nouvelle jeunesse.—Que la musique, les champs et les danses sont d'un délice et d'une volupté qu'une imagination Européenne ne saurait se former, et surtout que les improvisatrices sont autant au-delà de celles de l'Italie, qu'elles mêmes excèdent les chanteuses des rues.—Que, quant aux antiquités, il ne s'y connaît pas, mais qu'à très peu de pais on peut acheter des colonnes, des obelisques, et des sphynx, sans autres pais que ceux du transport.—Que de la ville Alexandrie il n'y a que deux, ou tout au plus trois jours de voile ou de rame; que de là jusqu'à Thèbes on mettrait trois semaines, mais toujours à côté de pyramides, d'obelisques, de temples, et dans le plus beau, le plus riant pays, et le climat le plus sûr et le plus serein du monde entier.—Que les grandes chaleurs ne se font sentir qu'au commencement du mois de juin; mais qu'alors la fraîcheur du Nil la rend si tempérée et modique, qu'elle n'incommode pas. Que, quant aux femmes, il faut que vous passiez pour la mienne, et que, pour n'être pas violée, vous soyez violée, et alors votre personne est plus sacrée que la mienne, &c. &c. &c.

It is now time to take our leave both of the Countess de Lichtenau herself, and of her correspondents.

ART. XI.—*La voix de la Nature sur l'Origine des Gouvernements, traité en deux Volumes, dans lequel, &c. &c.*

The Voice of Nature on the Origin of Governments, in which are developed the Origin of Society, of Inequality, of Property, of Authorities, of Sovereignities, of Bodies politic, of Laws, of Constitutions; the Variations of Bodies politic; every Thing which concerns actual Sovereigns, Conquerors, Usurpers, &c.; and in general all Questions of natural, political, and civil Right which interest Governments. The second Edition. London, Dulau, Soho-Square, 1809, 8vo. 2 vols.

THIS work is directed against the revolutionary tendencies of the times. It is arranged under six questions, in the first of which the author asks whether an "equality of rights ever existed?" He endeavours to show that this equality of rights is impossible from the constitution of nature. The first gene-

ration, says he, which ever appeared in the world, were unequal in rights.

‘The father was the chief of the family, the children were the members; the father was the sovereign, the children were the subjects; the father had *authority*, the children had none. The father had a right to govern, the children had none. What we say of the first father, is true of every first progenitor; what we say of the first family which appeared in the world, is true of the first family which settled in any country; nature is every where the same; and the same thing holds of all the families at present existing in the world. There is not one amongst them who is not indebted for his authority to the sole title of his being the father of the family. And if a troop of children were to revolt against their father to dispute his authority, and to claim a right equal to his, they would subvert the order of nature.’

The author afterwards labours to ‘prove that an equality of rights is contradicted by reason, by experience, and by history. The following is a specimen of the author’s mode of reasoning on the subject.

‘Whence,’ says he, ‘are we authorized in supposing that we are all equal in rights? Is it because we are all made of the same earth, and destined to the same end? Does it hence follow, that we are all sovereigns? *We are all made of the same earth, and destined to the same end.* But every mineral is also formed out of the same earth. The stones in the same quarry are all extracted from the same place, composed of the same elements, and destined to the same structure; but some are large and others small, some are placed in the cornice, and others laid at the base. Before they were taken from the pit, they were placed one above another, and they are so still. “*We are all made of the same earth, and have all the same destiny!*” ----- But vegetables and animals of every species are also all fashioned out of the same earth, and destined to return to it again. Are they on this account equal to the human race in point of rights? are men equal to each other? are their uses the same? “*We are all fashioned out of the same earth, and have all the same destiny.*” ----- The fingers of the hand are all made of the same earth; are they on that account equal? All the members of the body are made of the same earth, are they, on that account, equal at their birth, have they a right to the same rank and the same functions? What should we think of a man who should say to his feet, “is it not shocking that you alone should be exposed to the dust, and mud and have to bear the whole weight of the body?” Are you not formed of the same materials as the head and the arms? Who would be induced by this fine reasoning to make a monstrous medley of all the members of the body, and leave it to the suffrage of a heap of peasants to alter their positions every two

years, to place the ears in the socket of the eyes, the feet in the situation of the hands, and when the elections were over, to exclaim "*Vive l'égalité et la liberté.*" But this is an exact allegory of what we have incited the people to do, and the ridiculous language which we have caused them to hold.'

Under his second question, the author asks whether 'the social contract was ever practicable?' He argues that such a contract is absurd in the previous process, because it cannot be begun without *destroying the indestructible* order of nature, in which one generation is subordinate to another; that it is chimerical in the suppositions of the agreement; that it supposes every member of the society at the same time to be subject and sovereign, to be governed and governing; that it is impossible in legislation; impracticable in the arrangement; and terrible in the attempt to carry into execution. The author in the third place discusses the origin of authorities; and examines what he calls the true sources and the false. Much of what he says on this subject, appears to be very indefinite and obscure; and part of it very incompatible with our old-fashioned notions of British liberty.

'Nothing,' says the author, 'is more absurd than to place the origin of authority in the compacts, conventions, elections, and constitutions of subjects. God does not derive his authority from the constitution of men; a father does not derive his authority from the constitution of his children. *Each derives it from his title of author.* No one can yield to another that which he has not; and no one ever had any authority over himself. The light of reason shows it to be physically impossible that subjects should be the origin of authority. It must necessarily come from above; for every author is essentially above his work. It is not from their descendents, it is from the author of nature, that the first authors of nations derived their authority. It is not from his children, it is from his ancestors that every father of a family derived his; and though a whole society should even be unanimous in the choice of a chief, this chief would not derive the smallest authority from this unanimous choice, without the consent of the natural chief.'

But who is this natural chief? Does the writer mean the author of the universe? But how is it to be known whether the election of a particular chief magistrate has, or has not, his approbation? Who is to declare his immediate will in this respect? Are we to resort to the oracle at Delphos? or are we to consult the heads of the Gallican church? The author seems to think that because a father does not derive his paternal authority from the free suffrage or united choice of his children, a political sovereign can derive no authority

from the choice of his subjects. Does the writer mean to contest the right of the house of Hanover to the throne? For that house owed its accession to the choice of the people. We can readily allow that the authority of a father is not a trust delegated by the babes whom he brought into the world. It is essentially inherent in his *paternity*; but the analogy is not quite so complete as the writer would lead us to believe, between the father of a family and the sovereign of a state. A father possesses a natural and indefeasible authority over his children till they come to years of discretion, and are, if we may so express it, physically and morally independent; but the head of a nation derives his authority, if not from the immediate suffrage, yet from the tacit consent of the fathers of families, or other persons of discretion, over whom he rules. Though a chief may have acquired the sovereignty from usurpation, which has, from fraud or violence, been the real origin of sovereignty in most countries in the world, yet, when we speculate on the nature of the duties of sovereignty in the abstract, we must, even in cases of usurpation, consider it as a trust. It is a trust, even though it may not have been actually delegated by those for whose good it is designed. But a trust supposes accountableness in those to whom it is confided. A trust, which is violated or abused, may be resumed. Such a right of resumption implies a right in the people to change their government. The exercise indeed of the right is very rare; for the *tis inertia* which there is in large bodies of people, which may often be resolved into the selfishness of individuals, prevents the frequency of revolutionary movements, and causes nations to endure accumulated oppression, before they throw off the yoke. It is difficult to determine what degree of oppression morally justifies resistance; but the public feeling will always determine this better than any general rules. This we must however say, that the patience of nations is always greater than the moderation of sovereigns. The English history sufficiently proves this.

The author argues in a great measure, as if the authority of sovereigns, instead of being a trust, which may be resumed, when tyranny dissolves the obligations of obedience, were a right, which is as independent of the will of the people as the authority of a father is of the will of his children. But the analogy will not hold; for the cases are not precisely the same. The right of *paternity* does not depend on the will of the children; but is previously fixed by the constitution of nature. The children, while they remain in a state of pupillage, must be subject to the father's will, as their faculties are not sufficiently developed for them to have a will

of their own. But a sovereign does not make his people, though the people often both make and unmake the sovereign. A sovereign is not, according to a favourite but imperfect analogy of this writer, the *author* of his people, as a father is the *author* of his family, or God is the *author* of the human race. Thus the writer says the authority of a sovereign "reside essentiellement dans le titre d'auteur."

'Dieu,' says he, 'n'a point tiré son autorité de la constitution des hommes, un père ne tire point son autorité de la constitution de ses enfans, l'un et l'autre l'a tiré de son titre d'auteur. D'après les lumières de la saine raison, il est physiquement impossible que l'autorité vienne des sujets.'

Infants are not endued with a capacity of judging whether the conduct of their father be right or wrong; whether his discipline be noxious or salutary, for their good or their bane. But a people, by whom we do not understand, as this writer, perhaps, would suggest, either infants at the breast, or boys at school, but adults, whose faculties are sufficiently developed to constitute them rational beings, are capable of judging whether the measures of the government, under which they live, be calculated to render them rich or poor, to promote their weal or wo. A father of a family supports his children till they are able to support themselves; but a sovereign is supported, is fed, clothed, and invested with all the gratifications of sense and the pomp of power, by the contributions of his subjects. This makes a wide difference between the state of children and of subjects, between the rights of fathers and of sovereigns. If the people support the sovereign, it gives them a right to limit the expenditure of the sovereign, and to prevent him from levying taxes without their consent.

The author, who denies the authority of the sovereign to be derived from the people, seems to consider it as a matter of divine right. But as *such a divine right* must ultimately resolve itself into the right of the strongest, he must allow that the *divine right* of Buonaparte to the throne of France, is at least equal to that of any other sovereign who has practised the same successful usurpation.

Under his fourth, fifth, and sixth questions, the author considers the origin of bodies-politic; the variations in bodies-politic; and actual sovereigns. In this part of his work, the author's favourite hypothesis of the *paternal authority*, applied to political constitutions, is the analogy which occasionally bewilders his reasonings, and leads him into erroneous conclusions. The author is, no doubt, animated by a pure philanthropy, and we fully agree with him in the horror which he

entertains of revolutionary excesses; but we cannot consent to the depreciation of those principles which, in this country, have been found so favourable to the interests of civil liberty. We are not friends to popular commotions, but we are still more hostile to despotic sway. Popular turbulence is a fever, which soon reaches a crisis, and subsides; but despotism is an evil, which is more permanent, and may continue from generation to generation. The author of this work evidently possesses considerable sagacity and reflection, and much praise is due to the force and perspicuity of his diction.

ART. XII.—*Versuche ueber die Galvanischen, &c.*

Inquiries as to the Influence of Galvanism, in ascertaining the Effects of certain Poisons or Medicines on Animal Irritability. By F. Pilger, Captain in the Hessian Cavalry. Part second, 8vo. Giessen, 1808.

IN our Appendix to vol. XV. we noticed the former part of M. Pilger's curious and interesting experiments on animal irritability, and by publishing the above continuation, he has enabled us to resume our analysis of his labours, which we presume to think will be read with undiminished interest.

One of the vegetable stimulants that appears to have had the greatest effect, and to have exhibited a most decided irritability in the horse, was vanilla.

This substance has been much extolled in Germany as a substitute for musk, being much cheaper, and by no means so susceptible of adulteration.

M. Pilger assures us, that he has frequently made use of vanilla with the greatest success in malignant fevers, in the virulent small-pox, in measles, and in the scarlet fever, when returning into the system.

In the diseases of animals he is peculiarly lavish in praise of its sanative virtues. The rot in sheep, he informs us, never fails to yield to this remedy.

Vanilla, given in large doses, to two horses, produced violent agitation and heat. The two animals being killed, and galvanism applied, strong and permanent convulsions were excited during upwards of an hour and a half.

Exp. 15. But of all the substances tried by our experimentalist, no one was so conspicuous in increasing the irritability of horses, as *phosphorus*.

Within these few years, this has been recommended on the continent as a favourite remedy in malignant fevers, and as a

cordial extremely well calculated to restore the vital principle when almost extinct.

M. Pilger had cured two horses, which were so feeble as to be despaired of, by exhibiting phosphorus dissolved in linseed oil. It promptly reestablished their strength, vivacity, and appetite. This determined him to try the effects of galvanism subsequently applied. He gave to an old horse much debilitated 15 grains of phosphorus, dissolved in four ounces of linseed oil. Force was necessary to make him swallow it, and two-thirds of it were thereby lost, but the animal instantly exhibited signs of increased activity in all his organs. He was bled in the jugular vein; the blood gushed out with impetuosity, and was extremely warm, yielding smoke and an evident phosphoric smell. The horse was killed, and galvanism immediately applied to several nerves. 'Never,' says M. Pilger, 'did I see such an effect; every fibre exhibited life, and the muscular convulsions continued very strong for about 92 minutes after death.'

On another horse, to which 12 grains of phosphorus had been forcibly given, although scarcely three were swallowed, the experiment was repeated with similar effect, the galvanic convulsions continuing very marked for 86 minutes.

A third horse, who had taken at one time 10 grains of phosphorus, exhibited the same symptoms, but stronger and of longer duration. In this instance, when the irritability of the crural muscles had ceased, that of the intercostal and diaphragm was still a long time visible.

16. These effects of phosphorus are perhaps the more singular, as the phosphoric acid, which is nothing but oxygenated phosphorus, produces quite the contrary effects.

The German physicians, especially M. Lentin, have attributed great virtue to this acid in putrid diseases, and above all in that of carious bones. M. Pilger has made trial of it on horses without any good effect. He used it for three successive weeks to cure a horse which had been six months ill of the glanders: the acid being injected into the mouth and nostrils, in substance and also in fumigation. From the number of internal chancre, the nasal bones seemed to be carious. The sores, it is true, put on a better look; but the horse was so enfeebled, that it was judged best to discontinue the remedy. Recourse was had to gum kino, to madder, and to iron filings. By the twelfth day of this treatment, the animal had recovered his strength and appetite; but his hind foot was swelled, and he was lame. The acid was applied again, and in four days he relapsed as before to such a degree that he was given over and killed; Galvanism being applied, only produced feeble and short convulsions.

Another horse, who had taken at one time an ounce of the acid dissolved in a chopin of water, was killed an hour afterwards without any very visible effect, except some augmentation of the pulse. Galvanism in this case had but little effect, though more than in the preceding.

17. Generally, our author has found that all acids have a considerable sedative effect on the irritability of horses. This, he infers, rather from positive symptoms than from galvanism, applied immediately on the animal being killed.

Half an ounce of sulphuric acid in a pint of water was given in one dose to a horse. The pulse immediately became weak, he shivered strongly, gnashed his teeth, and refused food. An inexpressibly disagreeable and intense sensation (not that of pain), and a great degree of anguish were manifest in his gestures. But his heat was lessened; from his fore-feet a cold sweat exuded; he tore up the ground, drew in his sides, and raised his crupper, so that his back was alternately concave and convex. His eyes were dim, and his look languid. These symptoms lasted an hour, when he was killed. Galvanism, only exhibited the ordinary convulsions, as on a healthy horse who had taken no medicine.

A young horse, who had the glanders, was treated as above. The symptoms were much alike, but his countenance indicated the most acute pains. His torments were prolonged for 80 minutes, when he was killed. Galvanism had less effect on the extremities than on the internal organs, such as the diaphragm and intercostal muscles; but in general its sensible effects were much lessened. This experiment was repeated on several horses, and had much the same result.

Two ounces of muriatic acid diluted in a chopin of water were given at once to a horse. He was only slightly incommoded by it. Two hours after he was killed. Galvanism had the same effect on him as on a horse in health, and who had taken nothing. But concentrated vinegar given to a horse always has strong effects. It increases his heat and pulsations, induces frightful and even mortal cramps; it destroys the irritability, especially if the medicine be allowed time to kill the object of the experiment.

18. Neutral salts seem to have a sedative influence on irritability. M. Pilger's remarks on the effects of nitrate of potash is somewhat singular, viz. that this medicine never succeeded in the peripneumonic diseases of horned cattle and horses; it changes them into typhus. To prove its effects, however, in a more particular manner in large doses, he gave 32 ounces within four days to a horse apparently well, but glandered, and which had always fed on oats. He quickly

lost his strength and flesh, his skin its glossy smoothness, the hair being bristly, and his gums became pale; in short by the ninth day he fell into a complete typhus. He was killed; and galvanism produced only weak expansions, a sort of spasmodic stiffness, rather than convulsions.

Two pounds of Glauber salt, mixed in three hornfuls of water, were given at one time to an old mare. In 14 hours it brought on a violent diarrhoea and much weakness. She was killed, and galvanism produced, as in the preceding case, rather stiffness than convulsive vibrations.

A Jew wishing to fatten his ox, took it into his head to give him four pounds of common salt, in order to increase his thirst. The animal was seized with violent colics, evacuated blood, and was so debilitated that he died three days after. Galvanism in twelve minutes after his death gave no signs of irritability. Two ounces of this salt caused in a dog a violent diarrhoea; an ounce more killed him. Galvanism excited feeble vibrations.

19. We have now to notice some pretty singular effects of sulphuric ether. Three drachms of it were given to a horse; at first he seemed more lively, he stretched out his ears, and looked about fiercely; but an instant after he became languid, drooped his ears, and seemed much oppressed. On being killed, galvanism produced but weak convulsions twelve minutes after death.—A like quantity was given to another horse, which fell into a lethargy, and on being killed, galvanism had still less effects than on the former. Then half an ounce was given to a third horse, and it threw him at once into a lethargic state. Being killed, galvanism excited only a tremulous motion of the muscles, scarcely visible.

Such are the chief experiments to which we have called, for a few moments, the attention of our readers.

The following are the general inferences drawn from them by M. Pilger:

1. That sublimate emetic tar, opium, arnica, red kina, the seeds of water-fennel, valerian, vanilla, and above all phosphorus, are excitors of irritability.

2. That on the contrary (as far as can be judged from the effects of galvanism after the death of animals), arsenic, muriate of barytes, nitre, Glauber and common salts, ether, and the acids, diminish irritability.

3. That certain narcotic plants, such as the water-hemlock, the belladonna, and other bitter plants, such as gentian and colocynth, have but small influence on irritability.

4. That certain medicines, such as camphor, wine, or brandy, increase the effect of galvanism, if given in small doses; but diminish it if administered in great quantities.

We shall finish our analysis by a few reflections on these conclusions.

It appears very hazardous to draw inferences from the influence of remedies on horses, or generally on animals, to that on men. The facts related by M. Pilger on most of the substances which he gave to these animals in large doses, seem to present too many instances of exceptions to entitle him to apply, without the imputation of rashness to the human frame, the observations made on that of the horse, at least until confirmed by experience. What would be the consequence if (reasoning from the enormous doses of opium or of belladonna which horses can take without inconvenience) we should venture incautiously to give them to men, in doses of a hundred or even a thousand times smaller? And on the other hand, if, because two or three drachms of ether are sufficient to bring on lethargy in the horse, we were in future only to give it to men in doses of one or two drops, should we not be deprived of a very efficacious and salutary remedy, knowing as we do that it may be given to human beings in doses incomparably larger than we are intitled to conclude from the above experiment of the horse.

But on the supposition that we may at least theoretically and abstractedly from the quantity consider the effects of certain remedies or certain poisons on horses, as analogous to what they would produce on men, we may remark that the experiments by which these substances appear to have lessened the degree of irritability, are by no means conclusive of their sedative effect.

For as some substances, such as camphor, wine, and brandy, which have increased the effect of galvanism when given in small doses, have, when in large quantities, visibly lessened it, we may conjecture that those substances which have constantly diminished it, have only done so from an excess of stimulus, which would perhaps have been apparent, if the doses had been much smaller and continued for a length of time. There is little doubt that this, for instance, is the case with ether, which in small doses produced on horses symptoms of vivacity prior to those of dejection.

And with respect to acids, besides that they have almost always caused pain and irritable symptoms, rather than debility, before they sensibly weakened the animal, their influence on galvanism has only been remarkable when the animal had been allowed to linger long or to expire.

In general, in almost all the cases in which the animal died through the effect of the remedy, or from some internal cause, without the necessity of being killed, the irritability has been

found to be rather diminished than augmented by galvanism. It is now a well ascertained fact, that in the first moments of their action, stimulants which support and augment the irritability, do not fail in the end to exhaust it, and produce more or less quickly dejection and debility after irritation.

Of this we also find a very striking proof in M. P.'s work, viz. that galvanism excites but very feeble vibrations in horses which died naturally from tetanus, or have been strangled in the height of their sufferings from motives of compassion. M. P. explains this in the following manner: Tetanus appears to him to be always the consequence of a violent irritation, which, from its *excess*, speedily exhausts the irritability, and produces a proportionate debility. Thus, when tetanus is the consequence of a wound, it is never till the inflammation has subsided that it appears, and when setons and cauteries excite at once a brief inflammation, it is a sure sign of a possibility of cure; when this does not take place, there are no hopes.

It is doubtless from a similar reason that all practitioners have remarked, that the best means of curing this formidable disease, are the cold-bath, electricity, mercury, and generally all medicines conducive of energy to the vital principle, amongst which opium seems also, from the experiments of M. P. to hold a conspicuous place. However violent in this malady the irritation may be, and however general, and great the degree of muscular stiffness, the warm or tepid bath seems invariably to do more ill than good.

If then stimulants produce always, either from the excess of irritation they excite, or from its long continuance, a proportionate debility, we may with some reason suspect that these are no sedatives in the strict sense of the word, and that the agents which appear such to us, are in fact only stimulants whose irritative action is very quickly followed by the contrary effect, or at best *negative* agents, which as in the case of cold for example, only subtract from the animal body, the natural stimulants that support its vitality.

This is the opinion of Dr. Brown, whose system, borrowed from that of Dr. Cullen (which he has strangely disfigured) has been adopted with enthusiasm in the universities of Germany and Italy. Without wishing to discuss it here, we will only remark that if the experiments where the irritability by galvanism, after death was found to be diminished or entirely destroyed by the effect of this or that poison, are not wholly decisive; this is not the case with those where the irritability has been found much augmented. In these there can be no illusion, and the remedies which have produced this effect,

such as kino, valerian, vanilla; and phosphorus have done so directly. Now, if it be true, as Dr. Brown supposes, that all stimulants exhaust more or less the irritability, how does it happen that, while they have evidently increased the vivacity and activity of the animal before death, they should have a similar influence after it took place, and that the muscular contractions produced by galvanism, have been greater and more durable than in the natural state? In Dr. Brown's system, the animal body is like an electric conductor, every spark from which tends to exhaust its electricity. If then it is found to be increased, the agents which have produced this effect, must have operated not as mere exciting powers on the conductor itself, but like the amalgam which applied to the *plute* (or tube,) augments the electric fire which it imparts by each revolution to the conductor. In other words, it is not on the irritable fibres, that the remedies here in question, exercise their power; it is on the source of irritability itself. Instead of exhausting, they greatly augment both in abundance and intensity. Now, according to the Brunonian system, the action of these kinds of remedies, called *tonics*, is altogether inexplicable. Every accumulation of irritability is, according to it, the result of a *direct debility*, produced by want of stimulants, and this accumulation always occasions such a mobility, that the slightest stimulants produce convulsive contractions, whereas the remedies which, from the experiments of M. Pilger, have appeared greatly to increase irritability, have at the same time the property of diminishing mobility; and it is on this account that they are used with success, to repress the irregular motions which characterize convulsive maladies. This distinction seems to have wholly escaped Dr. Brown. He confounds the antispasmodics, the tonics, and the stimulants under the general name of excitants, and he admits betwixt them no other difference than that of the degree of strength. Their direct and immediate effects however are frequently diametrically opposite.

The final result likely to be drawn by our readers from M. Pilger's experiments will end in the conviction that there exists such a chasm as sufficiently to demonstrate the imperfection of the theories he wishes to establish.

ART. XIII.—*Mines de l'Orient, &c.*

The Mines of the East opened by a Society of Amateurs.
Vienna, 1809. folio.

THIS is the prospectus of a new periodical publication on the subject of eastern literature, by a society which has

lately been instituted at Vienna. We are indebted for the perusal of this account to a friend to whom it was sent from Vienna, and by whom, owing to the great difficulties of communication, it has not been long received. We feel it our duty to make the object of this society known to our readers, all of whom may be ultimately benefited by, and some of whom may be immediately interested in, the result of their labours.

The study of oriental literature is far from being so widely diffused, or so strenuously pursued as that of the literature of Greece or Rome. The writers of this prospectus think that this is not owing, so much to the difficulties of the study as to the want of resources and encouragement, and to the expence which it necessitates, from the dearth of manuscripts, the publication or translation of which hardly ever remunerates the publisher, and still less the author who has to subsist by his labours. The men of letters, who devote themselves exclusively to this study are few, and the Maecenasses who are disposed to encourage them are fewer still. Hence many useful works, which have been projected or set on foot by profound oriental scholars, have either not been begun, or have soon been relinquished. Thus the *Asiatic magazine* of Klaproth was abandoned at the end of the year. In this dearth of persons, who have leisure or means for the prosecution of such enterprizes; a society of literati has been formed at Vienna, who propose to publish a periodical work under the title of *The Mines of the East*. These persons have determined to contribute to the more general diffusion of oriental literature, by every means in their power. The only reward which they are solicitous to receive, is the public approbation.

Among the members of this society, is the count Wenceslas Rzewuski, who has undertaken to defray the expences of the impression, which are likely to exceed the profits at the commencement. When the publication no longer wants this assistance, the count is to employ the same sum in some other way, which may contribute to the progress of oriental literature. The society, therefore, think that the work, which they have begun, is likely to have a long continuance. They expect to be able to publish four parts in a year, each containing from 17 to 19 sheets, and forming altogether a volume of about 300 pages in folio. The first part has probably appeared before this time; but we have not seen it.

The journal itself is intended to embrace, without exception, every thing relative to the literature of the east, in the

form of translations, dissertations, observations, extracts, notices, descriptions, designs, &c. &c. Though most of the society are Germans, and the journal will in general, be written in that language, yet compositions will be admitted in the other languages of Europe, as in the French, the English, the Italian, and the Spanish. The authors say that in adopting these languages, their object is to profit by the labours of different learned men, in the nations both of Europe and of Asia. Several of the most distinguished orientalistes are members of the society; and their contributions will greatly tend to increase the value of the publication. But what must tend to give this work a superior importance, is the correspondence which the authors have established in the east, by means of several friends, who reside not only at Constantinople, and in the ports of the Levant, but in Persia, in Syria, and in Egypt. This journal, therefore, is intended to form a centre of union between the lovers of eastern literature, not only in Europe but in Asia, where so much important knowledge is lost for want of any means of communication.

The authors of the journal propose to distribute the materials of every part, which they publish, under the following heads: 1. Languages. 2. Eloquence and Poetry. 3. History, Paleography, and Numismatics. 4. Geography, Topography, and Statistics. 5. Philosophy and Law, (which among the Mahometans, includes both jurisprudence and theology). 6. Mathematical, and physical sciences, Natural History and Medicine. 7. Bibliography, and miscellaneous contributions. The last head will embrace the most valuable works of eastern literature which have been recently published in Europe; and more particularly those which have issued from the press at Constantinople. Many interesting articles will at the same time, be extracted from the bibliographical work, of *Hadjî Khalfa*, which is far from having been exhausted by *Herbelot*. The editors, most of whom are resident at Vienna, or at Constantinople, will, at Constantinople, have access to the ancient public libraries of *Abdoul-hamich*, and of *Raghib Pacha*, and, at Vienna, to the treasures of the imperial library, and the rich collection of count Wenceslas Rzewruski.

The society intend to make use of the old eastern characters, which are still extant at Vienna, till their funds enable them to procure new Arabic, Persic and Indian types.

DIGEST OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

WE have commonly begun our digest with the head of theology; but, within the last four months, we have not had occasion to mention any article in that department of literature, which is likely to possess more than an ephemeral importance. The lectures of a certain professor, which have already excited some controversy, and which perhaps may occasion more, are in themselves a very pitiful performance; very defective in useful matter, and totally sterile in reflection, but not a little pernicious for the intolerant sentiments which they contain. The *former celebrity* of the author may give them a temporary eclat, though it will be only temporary; for it is no presumption to predict that they will soon be consigned to the dust of oblivion, or be rendered subservient to some useful purpose, by the trunk-maker, the cheese-monger, or the pastry cook.

HISTORY.

In our present digest, the first place is due to Jones's "History of the County of Brecknock." This work contains much matter of general, and more of provincial interest. The author displays great industry and research. He has spared no pains in collecting materials; and though amongst such a fund of historical, topographical, and biographical information, there must be a considerable difference in the value, and the amusement of particular parts, yet Mr. Jones has not amassed so much of that *rubbish*, for which antiquaries are often found to entertain a singular predilection; and he has shown much skill in selection and arrangement. The opinions, both political and religious, which Mr. Jones delivers in the course of his history, evince a liberal and enlightened mind. Though some of the jests, which he has scattered over his three quartos, may be reckoned a little too coarse, yet they serve to break the tedium of graver details; and it can hardly be imputed as a fault to Mr. Jones, if he is lively where most other writers have been dull. Mr. Bigland's "Geographical and historical View of the World" is a very edifying and amusing work. It exhibits a pleasing view of the present and the past state of mankind, of their progress in civilization and arts, with select portions of their topographical their civil and military

history. The narrative is brief, but it is not obscure, nor indistinct. In most points of high moment and interest, the details are more circumstantial than the size of the work, compared with the extent of the subject, led us to expect. Where Mr. Bigland could exhibit only general views, he has rendered them attractive by the insertion of some striking particular, round which the interest revolves. The "Letter from an Officer at Madras to a Friend," &c. of which we gave a brief analysis, in our number for March, exhibits a succinct account of the late unfortunate insurrection in the Indian army. Of "the History of the Helvetic Republics, by Francis Hare Naylor, Esq." the two first volumes, which appeared in 1801, are now republished, with numerous additions and improvements, while the two last volumes terminate before the commencement of the French revolution. Mr. Hare is an animated historian. His political and religious principles show a tolerant and philanthropic mind. His attachment to the cause of virtue is vigorous and uniform; his zeal in favour of liberty, and his hatred of ecclesiastical persecution, are every where conspicuous.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Lacey, in reducing the life of Erasmus from the larger work of Dr. Jortin, has perhaps rendered an acceptable service to the mere English reader; who will not be interrupted, during the perusal, by numerous quotations in a language which he does not understand.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Much amusing information is contained in Mr. Semple's "Second Journey in Spain, in the spring of 1809." Mr. Semple was a rapid traveller; but in skimming the surface of the country, he collected many particulars relative to the topography, and to the manners and sentiments of the people, which possess a more than ordinary interest at the present period. The patriotism of the Spanish people, and their vigorous determination to maintain the independence of their country, appear in a more favourable light in the travels of Mr. Semple than in some other public accounts, and particularly those which have been published by British officers. Recent events in the peninsula, have served to increase our faith in the statements of Mr. Semple. When the French crossed the Sierra Morena, entered Seville, spread themselves over Andalusia, and approached Cadiz, we at first imagined that the fate of the peninsula was decided, and that she would no longer make a resolute stand against the subjugation of the enemy. But since the deposition of the old, enervated and perfidious central junta, the affairs of the Spaniards, notwithstanding the thick gloom with which they were so lately overcast, seem to assume a better aspect, and to promise, if not ultimate

success, at least a longer and more desperate struggle, before they are overcome. Mr. Macdonald's "Travels through Denmark, and part of Sweden," may be placed among those books of light reading, in the perusal of which an hour or two may be agreeably and not altogether unprofitably spent. We do not, in general, think it right to encourage *posthumous* publications, except where they have been corrected by the author when living, and have been expressly reserved for publication when he was no more. But we think it highly unbecoming; and often immoral, in the executors, the relatives, or friends of departed genius, taste or learning, to ransack his *escritoire* after he is dead, and to communicate to the world all the imperfect, crude, and undigested matter, which they may find. Where an author has acquired considerable celebrity by the works which he published in his lifetime, the persons into whose hands his papers may fall after his death, ought to be more particularly sedulous, not to publish any *posthumous* Mss. which may tend, in any degree, to detract from his former fame, and to lower him in the scale of literary reputation. This is a most sacred duty, which it appears to us the highest sacrilege to violate. These remarks are not intended to be rigorously applied to the publishers of Mr. Gilpin's "Observations on several Parts of the Counties of Cambridge," &c. but they are certainly, in some degree, applicable to them. They have not made it appear that the author had designed the Mss. which they have published, for the press; and, if it were not designed for the press, we do not think that the executors of Mr. Gilpin were justified in deviating from his intentions, by the merit of the work in question, nor even by the desire of increasing the funds of a charitable institution. As a tourist, Mr. Gilpin certainly possessed the happy faculty of describing rural scenery so as to place it before the eye. Instances of this kind are numerous in his former works; and some may be found even in this *posthumous* publication. The Travels of the Duke de Chatelet in Portugal in 1777 and 1778, which have been translated by Mr. John Joseph Stockdale, exhibit a circumstantial account of the state of the country and the people at that time; and the *progress of degeneration* seems to have been continued from that period to the departure of the house of Braganza to the Brazils. What effect the invasion of the country by the French, and the subsequent occupation of it by the English, will have on the sentiments, the manners and conduct of the people must be left for time to disclose. The present convulsed state of the country would rouse the patriotic energies of any other people, whose national character had been less debased by the long and habitual influence of tyranny and superstition. But what circumstances can furnish any *sudden* remedy for ignorance, for apathy, for indolence, and cowardice? The habits of individuals are not speedily changed; and national habits cannot be reformed in a single generation.

POLITICS.

Some admirable, moral and political reflections are contained

in "the Character of the late Charles James Fox, by Philopatria Varvicensis." There is a great profusion of learning in the notes. Mr. Curwen's ingenious work "on the Economy of Feeding Stock," may not improperly be classed under the head of politics, from the valuable hints which it contains for *bettering the condition of the poor*, which is the most important branch of political economy. The author has shewn himself a true patriot by consulting the real interest of his country, unmixed with any of those popular gratifications which often cast a shade of suspicion over the motives of the most exalted characters. Mr. C. has devoted part of his time and of his fortune to the discovery of the means by which a given portion of land may support the greatest possible number of his fellow-creatures. This is a species of study in which policy is closely combined with wisdom and philanthropy. Mr. Baron Maseres's "Occasional Essays on various Subjects," contain much political matter of considerable interest and importance. Mr. Basil Montagu's selection of "the Opinions of different Authors on the Punishment of Death," forms a very useful work for the study of those who wish, by mitigating the severity, to increase the efficacy of our criminal law; or who are anxious to compare the different opinions on capital punishments, which wise men have at different periods entertained. Sir Samuel Romilly has very ably and clearly proved that a revision is wanting of the criminal law of England. This great, upright, and philanthropic lawyer has at the same time shewn singular acuteness in refuting the imposing sophisms of Paley, who appears occasionally to have preferred *established errors* to truths, which were more worthy of establishment. The "Letter of Lord Grenville to the Earl of Fingal," is composed with great force and elegance of diction. We think that the power of appointing the catholic bishops should be taken from the Pope, not to be ceded to the king, but to be entrusted to a majority of the clergy in each diocese. As long as the patronage of the catholic hierarchy is not vested in any *foreign* power, we dare say that Lord Grenville and his friends will be satisfied without the cession of it to his present majesty. Though the English clergy are dissenters from the church of Rome, yet, since the protestant doctrine has been *established* by act of parliament, the members of the church of Rome in England and Ireland, must be classed in some measure under the common denomination of *dissenters*. Protestant dissenters do, and, till the pale of the church of England is greatly enlarged, so as to embrace all sects of christians, we hope always will retain the nomination of their own ministers; but why should catholic dissenters be restricted in the exercise of a right which all protestant dissenters enjoy without any limitations? If the catholics do not delegate their ecclesiastical appointments to any foreign power, why should the crown claim a *veto* on the election of their bishops any more than on that of the members of the methodist conference? The "Letter on the Genius and

Dispositions of the French Government," to which we allotted a considerable space in the present volume, will, we hope, have the desired effect of making an impression on the public mind in America unfavourable to the predominance of the French interest in the United States. Mr. Walsh, who is the reputed author of this pamphlet, draws a very terrific portrait of French despotism, which is well calculated to excite both the apprehension and the disgust of his countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic. Some of the details in this work appear to be exaggerated, in order to serve a particular purpose; but, whatever exaggeration there may be, there can be no doubt that the government of Buonaparte is a monstrous tyranny; the variegated machinery of which seems to be put together with consummate art; and which, while the great inventor and conductor of the scheme lives, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to dissolve. Of large empires in general, it may be said that "*ruunt mole sud*;" they cannot support their own weight; but the empire of Buonaparte, though, including his numerous vassals and dependents, it is larger than that of Charlemagne, is, nevertheless, held together by such a force of interested gravitation to a common centre, that the size does not, at present, seem likely to be any obstacle to the permanence.

PHILOSOPHY, MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND METAPHYSICAL.

The first part of the Philosophical Transactions for 1809, which are analysed in p. 69. of this volume, contains several valuable papers; particularly the Bakerian Lecture by Mr. Davy. The unremitting activity of Mr. Davy's labours, almost outstrips our power of closely recording his experiments, and following the thread of his reasonings. We have, however, exhibited the substance of this important lecture in as much detail as our limits would permit. The work on Geometry, which has been lately published by Mr. Professor Leslie, of Edinburgh, is, in some parts hardly sufficiently clear for an elementary book. We have impartially stated what appeared to us its excellencies and defects. Few men possess a greater variety or extent of intellectual attainments than Professor Leslie, and few men are animated by a stronger desire to promote the knowledge and to improve the condition of mankind.

MEDICINE.

Under this head, a work, which deserves preeminent notice, is the Treatise of Professor Scarpa, of Pavia, on Aneurism, which has been ably translated by John Henry Wishart, Fellow of the

Royal College of Surgeons. In this treatise we find a combination of excellences which we rarely meet in the books of modern practitioners of the *healing art*. It displays at once good sense, sound anatomy, an intimate acquaintance with the works of the great masters, both ancient and modern, and zeal, unrelaxed by ostentation, to promote the interests of a science, which is intimately connected with the alleviation of human woe. In this work a distinguished and a well-earned tribute of applause is paid by the Italian professor, to the penetrating genius of the late Mr. John Hunter; to whom the world is indebted for a new and improved method of curing those cases of Aneurism, in which a cure is practicable. Dr. Adams has published a new, cheap, and commodious edition of Mr. Hunter's valuable treatise on *Syphilis*; which will, no doubt, be an acceptable present to the medical student. The editor has employed his industry in elucidating the sense of his author where it was obscure, and in rendering the work more conducive to the purposes of general utility. The work which Mr. Watt has published on diabetes, &c. bears ample testimony to his acuteness and discrimination. His observations are well deserving the attention of the faculty. His thoughts are often new and striking, and he seems animated by an honest desire to improve the practice of medicine.

POETRY.

The Goblin Groom of Mr. Fenwick, is an admirable burlesque on the newly-revived *ballad-style*. It is a very humorous performance, and will be perused with pleasure by those who do not wish us to be *retrograde* in poetry, and to forsake the models of Dryden and of Pope, to copy the ballad-mongers and romance writers of the middle ages. If we imitate the verse-writers of that period, why may not an imitation of their *harmonious, regular, and polished prose be equally desirable*? If there be any pathos in the old ballad-style, that pathos does not arise from the rudeness of the metre, or the irregularity of the stanza, but from the natural and *unaffected* portraiture of manners and of sentiments. But, in the *revived ballad-style*, the pathos is often injured by the *affectation*. The writers are *imitators* of a style which is no longer that of the times, and rightly considered, it is as absurd as it would be to write a treatise on astronomy in the manner of Chaucer's book 'of the Astrolabie.'—Thus, would not the *pathos* of astronomical science be greatly improved by remarks clothed in language like the following? 'Some clerkes saie, that if men clepe the latitude of a centre the arche meridian, that is contained or intercepte, betwixt the signet and the

Equinoctial then they said, that the distance from the Equinoctial unto the end of the climate, even against the pole arctike, is the longitude of the climate for south.—Chauc. ed. Urry. p. 449. The ample praise which we have bestowed on 'Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk,' was excited by the *beauties of the performance*, which are, independent of the style, or method of its versification. We do not approve the style, but the spirit of genuine poetry which pervades the work, is seen and felt notwithstanding the antiquated garb in which it is arrayed. The different characters in the poem are well maintained and happily contrasted. Every patriotic, every generous feeling, is concentrated and absorbed in the fate of Wallace; and we have only to lament, that the interest, excited by the virtue, intrepidity, and heroism of his character, and the grandeur of the circumstances in which he is placed, should be diluted by a relation at the close, which is not necessary to the catastrophe, but distracts the attention, and breaks the spell by which it would otherwise have been bound. Mr. Hodgson's 'Tale of Sir Edgar,' will add to the splendor of his poetical reputation. We have reviewed Mr. Grahame's British Georgics at some length. Mr. G. certainly possesses a commendable portion of the poetical faculty; though his compositions display numerous instances of a vitiated taste. The poem, which is entitled 'The Influences of Sensibility,' is sprinkled with various conceits of the Della Crusca-School; these, we trust that the writer, who appears to be a young man of respectable talents, will avoid in his future compositions.

NOVELS.

'The Bristol Heiress,' by Mrs. Heath, deserves a place among those modern novels, which are unmingled with any mischievous ingredients. The tendencies of the story are practically good; and the perusal may afford a harmless gratification. Mrs. Plunket (late Miss Gunning) has fallen far below the general merit of her former productions in her 'Dangers through Life.' The language and modes of fashionable dissipation are occasionally depicted with vivacity; but the work is altogether more deserving of censure than of praise. It appears to be of French extraction; and to have been put together in haste, in order to serve a temporary purpose. In 'Scenes in Feudal Times,' by R. H. Wilmot; the story is ingeniously contrived, and the interest well supported to the last. There is rather too much romantic extravagance in some of the incidents, but they seem well accommodated to the taste of the times.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have bestowed considerable praise on Mr. Godwin's ingenious and feeling *Essay on Sepulchres*, but not more than it deserves. It addresses itself very forcibly to that passion for posthumous regard, which is an incitement to great and generous deeds. Mr. Edwards's '*Anecdotes of Painters*,' will be found a very useful work by the possessors of Walpole's *Anecdotes*. In his re-publication of *Quintilians' Institutes*, Mr. Ingram has displayed the taste and erudition of a scholar, and has furnished the classical student with a very useful edition of this valuable work. '*The Rudiments of Chymistry*,' by Mr. Parke, and '*Rudiments of Chymical Philosophy*,' by Mr. Meredith, are both very perspicuous and pleasing elementary publications. Some very fine specimens of wood-engraving are contained in the '*Religious Emblems*,' which have been published by Mr. Ackerman. Mr. Frend has added another to the stock of instructive and entertaining books by the volume of his '*Evening Amusements*,' for 1810. The astronomical descriptions of Mr. Frend, are mingled with pure and enlightened sentiments of devotion and of piety.

AN

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

TO THE

AUTHORS' NAMES AND TITLES OF BOOKS.

-
- | | | | |
|--|-----|--|-----|
| ABRIDGMENT of Universal History, Knapps, | 221 | Berra's appretiation of the World, | 494 |
| Adam's Commentary on Hunter, on the Veneral Disease, | 293 | Bigland's geographical and historical view of the World, 299. Account of Greenland, 302. Of Mexico, | 305 |
| Agricultural Hints, Curwen's, | 209 | Birch's Jubilee Sermon, | 99 |
| Anatomy, Pathology, and Surgical Treatment of Aneurism, | 316 | Black-rock House, a novel, | 332 |
| Anecdotes of Painters, vide Painters. | | Blake Frome's Song, | 443 |
| Aneurism, Anatomy, Pathology, and Surgical treatment of, | 316 | Bristol Heiress, a novel, by Heath, | 99 |
| Appretiation of the World, | 494 | British Georgics, | 337 |
| Arithmetic made easy, | 334 | Brecknock, Jones' history of the County of, p. 1. Antient names of Brecon, 3. A fragment from the poems of David ap Gwyllm, 8. Anecdote of Henry 1st, 13. Of Maud, commonly called Mol Walbee, 15. Estimate of the religion of Breconshire, 185. Derivation of the word Gavelkinde, 187. Practice of the antient Britons, in questions as to land, 188. The first law record of the subjugation of Wales, 191. National character, &c. of the Welsh, 193. Account of the apparent fondness of the Welsh for long names, 193. Of Meredyth Thomas, 195. Of Sir David Gam, 197. Of the murder of Axham, Cromwell's ambassador to the Court of Spain, | 198 |
| Aspland's Oration on laying the first stone of the Gravel-pit Meeting-house, | 99 | Brunswick, account of the opera- | |
| Assassin of St. Glenny, | 105 | | |
| BANK Notes, Grenfell's defence of, | 435 | | |
| Battle of Talavera, | 439 | | |
| Beattie's, Beauties of, | 111 | | |
| Beauties of Paley, | 444 | | |
| Belisarius, by Madame Genlis, | 487 | | |
| Beloe's anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books, 168. Account of the Editio Princeps of Homer, 169. The Alexandrian M.S. 170—of Virgil, 171—of the Polish Bible, 171. Edward 6th Catechism, 173. Martin Mar prelate, | 174 | | |
| Belson's abridgment of Nelson's fasts and festivals of the Church of England, | 100 | | |

INDEX.

- tions of the army under the duke of, 398
 Bullion, high price of, 100
 Bullock's geography epitomized, 443
 Buxton, on temperature in Coughs, 107
- CAMBRIDGE**, Gilpin's tour through, 372
 Cappe's history of Jesus Christ, 324
 Carey's Latin Prose, 395
 Castellan's letters on the Morea, &c. Vide Morea.
 Carr's poems, 215
 Chapman's orator, 109
 Charitable donations, plan for registering and securing, 443
 Charmilly's narrative of his transactions in Spain, 326
 Chatelet's travels in Portugal, 40
 Child lost, 104
 Chymistry, Parke's rudiments of, 324
 Christ, Cappe's history of, 324
 Christianity, spirit of, 434
 Chymical philosophy, rudiments of, 221
 Clarke's address to the Burgesses of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 221
 Commentary on the venereal disease, Adam's, 293
 Communion, Pearson on Church, 325
 Comports, Morley on, 446
 Consecration sermon, Haggits, 210
 County of Brecknock, Jones' history of the. Vide Brecknock.
 Correspondence between Mr. Percival and Lord Melville, 215
 Coughs, Buxton on temperature in, 107
 Cow-pox, Thompson on the, 107
 Crauford's essay on national debts, 483
 Criminal Law of England, Romilly's observations on, 392
 Crossfield's calender of Flora, 222
 Cruelty to brute animals 433
 Crutwell's funeral sermon, 433
 Curwen's agricultural hints, 201.
 Steamed potatoes recommended for horses, 202. Advantages attending the use of ditto, *ibid.*
 Means of supplying milk for the poor, 204. Arguments of Malthus against the advantages of new inclosures combated, 206
- DANGERS** through life 377
- Death, Montagu on the punishment of, 275
 Debts, Crauford's essay on national, 483
 Denmark and Sweden, Macdonald's ravel through, 353
- EAST** opened by a Society of Amateurs, mines of the, 539
 Edgar, a tale, 241
 Edward's anecdotes of painters, vide painters.
 Emblems, Thomas', religious, 299
 England, the cause of Europe's subjugation, 215
 Erasmus, Lacey's life of, 252. Year of his birth, a subject of controversy, 253. Sent to school at Deventer at nine years of age, *ib.* He enters into the ecclesiastical order; repairs to Paris in 1496, to England in 1497, to Cambridge in 1510, where he is promoted to the Lady Margaret's Professorship of Divinity, 254. In 1516, publishes his edition of the New Testament, 255. Enlightened sentiments of Erasmus on religion, 257
 Essays on various subjects, 231.—Anecdote of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Smith, 232. Reflections on the policy of enlarging the provisions of the marriage act, 235. On the eligibility of the clergy to a seat in the House of Commons, 236. Account of the manner in which the kings of France became possessed of the power of imposing taxes without the consent of the three estates, 240
 Essay on national debts, and on the possibility of extinguishing them in the course of time without repaying the capital, and without doing the least injury to the public creditor, 481
 Essays on methodism, 86
 Essay on sepulchres, vide sepulchres.
 Essay on the poor laws, 331
 Evan's address on the interment of Stephen Lowdell, 325
 Evangelical preaching, Spry's reflections, 67
 Evening amusements, Friend's, 442
 Euripidis Supplices, 225
 Experimental philosophy, Gregory on, 109
 Exposition of the most interesting circumstance attending the second siege of Saragossa, 63

I-N-D-E-X.

- FALKIRK**, flight of, 140
Faulkner's considerations respecting the expediency of establishing an hospital for officers on foreign service, 331
Fenwick's Goblin Groom, 83
Feudal times, scenes in, 440
Fox, character of the late Charles James, 114. Remarks on his colloquial powers; *ibid.* His oratory resplendently displayed in vanquishing the pertinacious, prejudiced and narrow-minded resistance which he met with from lawyers in the house of Commons, 116. Character of Mr. Fox's oratory by Sir James Mackintosh, 119. Strictures on certain expressions of Burke and Mackintosh relative to Mr. Fox, *ibid.* & seq. Remarks on Mr. Burke's political apostacy, 125
France, Lacretelle's history of, 449. Domestic misfortunes of Louis XIV, *ibid.* Extravagance of the French at his funeral procession, 450. His will set aside by the parliament, 451. Duke of Orleans appointed regent, *ibid.* Liberates the Jansenists and entrusts Cardinal de Noailles with the direction of ecclesiastical affairs, *ib.* The reign of libertinism, 452. Death of the Duke of Orleans, 453. His character, *ibid.* Duke de Bourbon succeeds to the administration, 455. Edict against the protestants, *ibid.* Anecdote of Mademoiselle de Vernandois, 456. Louis XV. marries Maria Leczin-ska, the daughter of Stanislaus the dethroned king of Poland, *ibid.* Administration of Cardinal Fleury, 457. Sudden illness and recovery of Louis XVth, 458. Battle of Fontenoy, 459.
France, Lacretelle's history of, vide *France.*
French government, letter on the genius and disposition of the, 274. The object of the French faction in the United States discussed, 275. System of Buonaparte, 278. Military propensities of the French Government, 280. Buonaparte's original project for the seizure of Spain, 282. Military and pecuniary resources of Russia examined, 285. Mode in which the taxes are collected in France, 288. Comparative Statement of the public burdens in France under the old and present government, 289
Frend's evening amusements, 442
Funeral sermon, 433
GALVANISM, Filzer's inquiries as to the influence of, 532
Geulis' Belsarius, 487
Geographical and historical view of the world, 299
Georgics, Graham's, British, 337
Gilpin's tour through Cambridge, &c. 372
Glenroy, Holstein's assassin of St. 105
Goblin Groom, a tale of Dunse, by Fenwick, 83
Godwin's essay on sepulchres, vide *sepulchres.*
Government, the voice of nature on the origin of, 528. An equality of rights impossible from the constitution of nature and contradicted by reason, experience and history, 529
Graham's British Georgics, 337
Grandmaison's classical descriptions of love, 103
Gray's selection of the beauties of Beattie, 111
Gregory on experimental philosophy, 109
Grenfell's defence of bank notes, 435
Grenville's letter to Lord Fingal, 214
Guiscard, 105
Guy's spelling book, 108
HAGGITT'S consecration sermon, 210
Heath's Bristol heiress, a tale, 97
Hero and Leander, 334
Helvetic republics, Naylor's history of the, 383
Hints on the economy of feeding stock, and bettering the condition of the poor, 201
History, Knapp's abridgement of universal, 221
History of the Helvetic republic, 383
History of the religious inquisitions of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, from their origin to the conquest of Spain, 460
Historical and political picture of the year 1806, proceeded by a coup d'œil of the five first years of the nineteenth century, 500

INDEX.

- History of the county of Brecknock, 241
 Jones's, vide Brecknock.
 Hodgson's Sir Edgar, a tale, 241
 Hunt's essay on methodism, 86
 Hunter on the venereal disease, 293
 Adam's commentary on, 293
 Husband and lover, 161.
- INDIA, insurrection in, 311
 Inflammation, Seray's treatise on local, 219
 Influences of sensibility, 419
 Ingram's Quintilian, 176
 Inquisition of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, 460. Origin of ditto, 463.
 St. Dominic the first Inquisitor General under Pope's Innocent III d. and Honorius III d. 446.
 Origin of the seat of the Albigeois, 465. Character of Simon de Montfort, 466. Submission of Raymond to his arrest, 469.
 Courageous resistance of the count de Beziérs, 467. The progress and establishment of the Inquisition favoured by Frederick II d. 470.
 The revival of letters prejudicial to the Inquisition, 471. Inquisition first brought into Arragon, after the death of Peter the II d. who was slain in the war of the Albigeois, 473. Encouraged in Castile by Isabella, wife of Ferdinand of Arragon. Views of Ximenes in supporting the Inquisition, 474. Observations on Charles Vth's impolitic conduct in the affairs of the Low Countries, 475
 Insurrection in India, 311
- JERVIS'S sermons on the claims of humanity, 98
 Jones's history of the county of Brecknock, vide Brecknock.
 Journal of a regimental officer during the campaign in Portugal and Spain under Lord Wellington, 176.
 Barbarous ravages of the French at Belem, 179. Palace of the Prince Regent at Cintra, 180.
 Houses at Redinha, ibid. A Portuguese funeral, 181. Battle of Talavera, 183
 Jubilee sermon, Nelson's, 99
 Jubilee sermon, Pleez, 434
- KEY to Thompson's arithmetic, 334
 Knapp's abridgement of universal history, 221
- LACEY'S life of Erasmus, vide Erasmus, 351
 Lacroix's history of France during the eighteenth century, vide France.
 Latin prosody, Carey's, 395
 Lavalhée's history of religious Inquisitions, vide Inquisition.
 Lectures on theology, 149
 Leslie's elements of geometry, 443
 Lenoir's French translation of Blair's sermon on the duties of the young, 110
 Letter on the late insurrection in India, 311
 Letters on the Morea, and the isles of Cerigo, Hydra, and Zante, vide Morea.
 Letter on the genius and dispositions of the French government, vide French.
 Letter from Lord Grenville to the Earl of Fingal, 214
 Lichtenau, memoirs of the Countess of, 519. Death of Frederick II d. 522. Lichtenau arrested by the new king, 524. Is liberated and obtains the royal permission to bestow her hand on M. Holbein, an Austrian, 526. Character of the Earl of Bristol, 526
 Lochie's topography of London, 334
 London and its environs, Wakefield's perambulations in, 240
 Lost child, 104
 Love, Grandmaison's classical description of, 103
 Lover and husband, 161
 Luxmore on strictures of the urethra, 209
- MACDONALD'S travels through Denmark and Sweden, 353
 Madras, letter on the late insurrection at, 311
 Marsh's lectures on theology, 149
 Melville's (lord) speech relating to the reports of the commissioners of naval revision, 331
 Melville, cursory remarks on the correspondence between Mr. Percival and Lord, 215

INDEX.

- Memoirs of the countess de Lichtenau**, vide Lichtenau.
- Memoirs of marchioness de Pompadour**, vide Pompadour.
- Mermaid not fabulous**, 109
- Methodism**, a few words on the increase of, 213
- Mines of the East opened by a society of amateurs**, 539
- Montagu**, on the punishment of death, 261. The ascendancy of a selfish principle the most obvious in the history of legislation, 262. Inadequacy of the penal code to the purposes of justice, 264. Paley's defence of the criminal law, 265. Discretion vested in the judge, the only ground on which any pretension to the justice of the present system is supported, 269
- Morea**, Castellan's letters on the, 477. Description of the country-houses, which are called towers, *ibid.* Description of the towns of Coron, of Turkish justice, of the manners, usages and governments of the Mainotes, 478 & seq.
- Morley** on comports, 446
- Murray's grammar examined**, 221
- Mylius' school dictionary**, 430
- NATIONAL debts**, Crauford's essay on, 483
- Naylor's history of the Helvetic republics**, 383
- Nelson's fasts and festivals of the church of England abridged**, 100
- Newcastle upon-Tyne**, Clarke's address to the burgesses of, 221
- Northmore's Washington**, or liberty restored, a poem, 89
- O. P. war**, rise and progress of the, 333
- Onesimus examined**, 219
- PAINTERS**, Edward's anecdotes of, 35. Origin of the beef-steak club, 38. Account of the Wrights, 38. Defence of Wilson against Sir Joshua Reynolds, 39. Some account of Gainsborough, 40. Of Hodges, 41
- Paley's beauties**, 144
- Parke's rudiments of chemistry**, 221
- Pearson's remarks on Simeon's sermon**, 325
- Pearson on church communion**, *ib.*
- Perambulations in London and its environs**, 221
- Philopatris Varricensis's, character of Mr. Fox**, 114
- Philosophy**, Gregory on experimental, 108
- Philosophical transactions**, 69. Crompton lecture on the function of the heart and arteries, *ibid.* Account of some experiments performed with a view to ascertain the most advantageous method of constructing a Voltaire battery for the purposes of chemical research, 71. Davy's account of some new analytical researches into the nature of certain bodies, particularly the albalis, phosphorus, sulphur, carbonaceous matter, and the acids hitherto undecomposed, with general observations on chemical theory, *ibid.* An account of a method of dividing astronomical and other instruments by ocular inspection, in which the usual tools for graduating are not employed, 79. A letter on a canal in the medulla spinalis of some animals, *ibid.* A numerical table of elective attractions, with remarks on the consequences of double decompositions, *ibid.* Account of the dissection of a human foetus, in which circulation was carried on without a heart, *ib.* On the origin and formation of roots, 81. Of the nature of the invertebral substance in fish and quadrupeds, 82
- Picture of the year 1806**, 500. Character of lord Cornwallis, 501. Of lord Nelson, 502
- Pilger's inquiries as to the influence of Galvanism in ascertaining the effects of certain poisons, or medicines on animal irritability**, 533
- Plan for registering and securing charitable donations**, 443
- Plee's jubilee sermon**, 434
- Plunket's dangers through life**, 377
- Poems, by Sir J. Carr**, 215
- Pompadour, memoirs of madame de**, 505. Account of her first interview with Louis XVth, 506. Her first appearance at court, 507.

INDEX.

- Character of Louis XVth, 508.
 Madame de Pompadour becomes the favourite mistress of the king, 509. Marshall Saxe's remarks on the importance of Holland to Great Britain, 510. Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 511. Character of Marshall de Saxe, 513. The origin of the war in 1756, attributable to the English, 515. Character of a court, 516. Sentiments on the christian religion, 517. Extraordinary trait of insolence and meanness in a prince, 518
 Poor laws, essay on the, 331
 Porchester's resolutions, 434
 Portugal, Chatelet's travels in, 401
 Portugal and Spain under Lord Wellington, journal of a regimental officer during the campaign in, 179
 Prosody, Carsy's latin, 395
 Psalms and hymns, selection of, 325
 QUINTILIAN, Ingram's, 176
 Quintus Curtius, translation of, 360
 RELIGIOUS emblems, 297
 Remarks on open love, 443
 Republics, Naylor's history of the Helvetic, 383
 Ricardo on the High Price of bullion, 100
 Romilly on the criminal law of England, 392
 Rudiments of chemical philosophy, 221
 SARAGOSSA, exposition of the most interesting circumstances attending the second siege of, 63
 Scenes in feudal times, 440
 Scripture characters 432
 Semple's journey in Spain, vide Spain.
 Sensibility, influences of, 417
 Sepulchres, Godwin's essay on, 29
 The sensations excited on visiting the spot where the ashes of genius and worth repose, 30. A visit to Westminster Abbey, 33
 Serny's treatise on local inflammation, 219
 Sights I have seen, 485
 Simeon's sermon, Pearson's remarks on, 325
 Smith on water meadows, 420
 Simeon's cautions to the public, 434
 Sonnets, 334
 Spain, Semple's journey in, 19. Impression which the state of affairs had made on the public mind at Lisbon, and the general disposition of the people in January 1809, 20. Friendly disposition of the Spaniards towards the English, 21. Resemblance between the manners and habits of the Scottish peasantry and those in many parts of Spain, 21. The ridge of the Sierra Morena, 22. Account of the Merino sheep, *ibid.* Of Seville, 23. Superstition of the Spaniards, 24. A singular custom of the Spaniards to a stranger, 25. Approach of Alcantete, 27. Ascent to the Sierra Nevada, 27. Similarity between the customs of the Spaniards and the Moors, 28
 Spirit of christianity, 434
 Spry's reflections on evangelical preaching, 67
 Strachan's public letter, 435
 Strictures of the urethra, Luxmore on, 209
 Subjugation of Europe, England the cause of the, 215
 Supplicis Euripides, 225
 TALAVERA, battle of, 439
 Tegg on the rise and progress of the O. P. war, 333
 Theology, Marsh's lectures on, 149
 Thomas's religious emblems, 297
 Thompson's arithmetic made easy, 334
 Thompson on the cow-pox, 107
 Topography of London, 334
 Tour through Cambridge, Gilpin's, 372
 Transactions philosophical, vide philosophical, 87
 Travels through Denmark and Sweden, Macdonald's 353
 Treatise on the anatomy, pathology, and surgical treatment of aneurism, 316
 Tube's select passages, 434
 VALENTIA'S voyages and travels, 42. Grinding corn in India and Arabia always performed in the night, 43. Arrival at Genater, the capital of the district of Agowma, *ibid.* An Abyssinian banquet, 44.

INDEX

- Arrival at Chelicut, 45. At Antalaw, 46. Nocturnal vigilance of the Ras, *ibid.* A game at chess, 48. Arrival at Adowa, 49. Accident of an obelisk, 44. Of the mode of hunting, 51. Ceremony of killing the cow in the presence of the Ras, 52. Account of a grand feast which took place in the great hall of the Ras' mansion, 53. The travellers find an old man who went with Bruce to Gondar, 54. At Baraddo they inhabit a shed, part of which was occupied by a family of the Hazorta tribe, which was come to assist in getting in the harvest, 57. They arrive at Jidda; description of ditto, 58. Arrival at Cairo, 59.
- Veneral disease, Adam's commentary on Hunter's treatise on the, 293
- Veto, 438
- Voice of nature on the origin of government, 528
- UNIVERSAL history, Knapp's abridgment of, 221
- Urethra, Luxmore on strictures of the, 409
- WAKEFIELD'S perambulations in London and its environs, 228
- Wallace, or the flight of Falkirk, 149
- Washington, or liberty restored, a poem, by Northmore, 89
- Warner's Scripture character, 432
- Water-meadows, Smith's observations on, 490
- Watt's cases of diabetes, 411
- Wishart's treatise on the anatomy, pathology, and surgical treatment of aneurism, 316
- World, Berr's appretiation of the, 494

END OF VOL. XIX.

